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CHEFS D'ŒUVRE
OF THE
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE

BY
W. WALTON A. SAGLIO V. CHAMPIER.

GEORGE BARRIE & SON
PUBLISHERS
PHILADELPHIA

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CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE
OF THE
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE
1900

EDITION
ON
WILATMAN DRAWING PAPER
WITH THE TEXTUAL ILLUSTRATIONS FINISHED IN FACSIMILE
ONLY ONE HUNDRED COMPLETE COPIES PRINTED FOR SALE

No. 49

PRINTED FOR

Mrs. William B. Hayden.



EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, 1900

THE
CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE

ART AND ARCHITECTURE
BY

W. WALTON

APPLIED ART
BY

V. CHAMPIER

CENTENNIAL AND RETROSPECTIVE
BY

A. SAGLIO



VOLUME III

PHILADELPHIA.

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THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN



FREDERICK NICHOLSON, F.R.S. SHAKESPEARE
Bronze



ANDERSON THAYER YOUNG GIRL
Lent by Mr. George A. Brown

THE UNITED STATES

The date of the great revival, or renaissance, of the contemporary art of the United States—generally called American art—is fixed at 1876, the year of the “Centennial Exposition” in Philadelphia, when the huge prosperous, commercial, young nation suddenly awakened—at the sight of the marvels of European art and craftsmanship—to the fact that there were other riches in a country’s civilization than commercial ones, threw

off the clog of Düsseldorfism which had hitherto weighed alike upon connoisseurs, collectors, and painters, and began to seek in new fields of art, under the inspiration of a new breath, etc. This important date is also fixed at 1893, when it was the "Columbian Exposition" at Chicago that first enlightened the nation with the consciousness of its own æsthetic resources,—an enlightenment in which the architects led the way, ably seconded by the sculptors. Neither of these historical statements overlooks the fact that there was an art both of painting and sculpture previously existing in the country; nor that this art, in some respects, had developed along lines that have since not even been attempted by the newer one. The grandiose, the allegorical, that form of imaginative which may be defined as the sustained or didactic, even the romantic, and the military, are no longer practised in any other than incidental or accidental methods by the American artists at home and abroad; the absence of that "literary art" with which their English cousins have so long been reproached—and of the inconveniences of which they are themselves becoming conscious—is curiously complete in any strictly domestic exhibition in the United States. In the great mural decorations for public buildings which have been executed within the last fifteen or twenty years—as in the monumental ones for the Boston Public Library by Messrs. Abbey and Sargent—two or three of these methods and themes naturally appear. Even in putting aside these developments of the older art along some of these lines, which the somewhat intolerant new school now refuses to consider, as, *e.g.*, the great canvases of Benjamin West, P.R.A., and the marbles of that once illustrious group of sculptors sojourning in Rome and Florence, there still remains much that can in no wise be discarded. In portraiture, in some departments of the wide field of landscape-painting and marines (possibly, more in the analytical and realistic landscapes and the synthetical and imaginative marines), in three or four examples of delicate and imaginative sculpture and in one or two of equestrian, the school of

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American art before either of its renaissances has left works of the first value. More than one of the painters who in the great Paris International Exposition of 1900 most notably and worthily represented this school—not only in its lofty aspirations, its academic serenity, but also in its virile force, its “modernness,” and in its technical brilliancy—date from before either of these new births. Any dawn that was heralded by such widely dissimilar painters as John La Farge and Winslow Homer had no excuse for delaying its breaking.

Of these two dates, that of 1876 or 1877 most nearly corresponds with the facts. Various forces had been at work preparing the field, the dissatisfaction with the old and a longing for the new took definite shape at a period coinciding with the return of several young men from their studies in Europe,—most of them from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris and two or three from Munich. It happened that most of these settled in the city of New York, and out of the opposition which developed to the old Academy of Design in that metropolis grew the founding of the Society of American Artists. All the familiar incidents in the history of schools of art were repeated,—the youthful reformers assembled in cafés and studios and denounced their elders (there was one restaurant-cellar in Broadway kept by a long-suffering host of the name of Finnegan whose patronymic is hereby recorded for the benefit of future Vasaris), the Academicians were declared to be intolerant, caring for nothing but their own privileges, and—worst of all—bad painters, the new society was to overthrow it, to eclipse it, to know neither fear nor favor and to take into its organization, as its name indicated, *all* American artists of merit. One of its first regulations, one that even the Paris Salon—that illustrious model—did not venture to enforce, was that there were to be no *Hors Concours*, no member’s work was to be exempt from examination and possible rejection by the jury. By this truly admirable and Spartan-like measure, it was confidently proclaimed, there would be avoided all falling into cliques, no ties of association or friendship

should avail, and talent was to be the sole consideration. Circumstances favored the rebels: in their ranks were a number of artists of real ability, and they were glad to invite into their new organization some of the older men righteously illustrious in their profession, nearly all of whom favored the new movement, and one or two of whom even resigned from the Academy. The first exhibitions of the Society—much less varied and ambitious as to themes, titles, and literary merit than those of the older institution—were indubitably superior as collections of painting and sculpture. The newspapers and the general public manifested a mild interest in the case; the reporters who wrote up “art” in the daily journals speedily fell into the habit of alluding to the Academy, its methods and its exhibitions, in the most disparaging terms. The members of the older body, more securely intrenched in their social and professional relations, in many cases resented these attacks very bitterly; and the unfortunate spirit of rivalry thus engendered between the two institutions is not yet altogether extinguished.

The movement thus inaugurated gradually spread through the length and breadth of the country, taking on a notable development in the Western States and largely aided in some of the older Eastern cities by the art institutions already established. In Philadelphia, the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts—which contests with the Academy of Design of New York the distinction of seniority—received a new impetus and organization, and the school of design for women, also of long establishment, increased its usefulness by extending its curriculum so as to include most of the branches of applied arts; in Boston, the Museum of Fine Arts, founded a year or two later than the Society of American Artists, provided in its organization for large and well-appointed art classes, special attention being devoted to the history of Greek art, the architecture of the Gothic period and of that of the Renaissance. Pittsburg received from Mr. Andrew Carnegie the complete gift of an Art Gallery with an endowment fund. The Art Institute of Chicago

dates from 1870, and its admirably equipped schools counted in 1895 twenty-nine professors and a thousand scholars. These classes included courses of instruction in decorative architectural design, in anatomy, and in book illustration. The "World's Fair" of 1893 bequeathed this city—in company with a number of financial and municipal evils—very considerable additions to the treasures of its museum and to the general public appreciation of these treasures. The Museum of Art of Detroit is one of the most important in the West, occupying a handsome building and largely aided by private munificence, whilst the number of pupils in its schools quadrupled in four years. Special "purses" are provided for the most talented graduates, to permit them to continue their studies in Europe. In Cincinnati, there is also an Academy of the Fine Arts, which counts its pupils by the hundreds, and has triumphed over numerous vicissitudes; here also are provided travelling scholarships which



A. T. P. LUCAS STUDY

enable the students to go abroad, and even the professors are expected to seek to renew their inspiration at the European fountain-heads every year. Farther north, the rival twin cities of Minneapolis and Saint Paul have striven to excel each other in this respect as in all others,—but the school of the latter seems to have been distanced in many respects by that of Minneapolis, which enjoys the advantages of a fine arts library and large art gallery. In 1893, there was even founded in this city a second art school, which also prospered, and which was modelled closely on the principal Parisian methods of instruction. The school of fine arts of Saint Louis was founded in 1879, and is lodged in an admirable building and provided with all the most approved appliances; of the Southern institutions, the most important, as it is the eldest, is the Baltimore Institute, founded more than fifty years ago, provided with a valuable library, with something like a thousand scholars and thirty professors. As far west as San Francisco and as far south as Florida, every important town was expected to have at least an art club, an art school, or a fine arts museum; the innumerable pupils and the very numerous exhibitions of paintings and sculptures carried into the humblest homes some knowledge of this great world, or, at least, of its terms and of its most noted practitioners. The practical ingenuity of the people sought to draw some tangible results from this new education by applying it to domestic uses or to the adornment of public and private buildings; the director of the department of art and design in the University of Illinois claimed to have applied to the methods of instruction, with a view of obtaining these practical results, a system unknown in any other school in America.

Of all these educational institutions, the largest is probably the Art Students' League of New York, founded about the same time as the Society of American Artists, and now occupying the same building with that body and two or three other artistic corporations. In this League, the model on which were instituted others established in various localities, the students administer their own organization, even selecting their



own professors under certain regulations. The number of pupils in its various classes is given as about eleven hundred, and it is estimated that there are nearly as many more in the other art schools of the city, including those of the Academy and of various private instructors. On the occasion of celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary, May, 1900, the League has set on foot a movement to obtain for itself an endowment, with the view of extending its sphere of usefulness and enabling it to embrace in its courses all the various applied arts. Within the last year it has opened a special course to enable advanced life-class students to carry on large decorative studies to practical completion, thus enabling them to bridge over readily the gulf between easel paintings and those large works in mural decoration in which so many of the more capable painters now find a new professional opening. The enormous number of art students,—from which a sufficiently terrifying number of new professional painters and sculptors are graduated every year,—the great number of academies, museums, and companies of associated artists all over the country, each of which—with the exception of the National Sculptors' Society, deterred by the expense of installing its bulky and heavy exhibits—expects to give one annual exhibition, and in some cases two, naturally have greatly increased the number of these displays. So numerous have they become, and yet so many are the competing artists, that at the end of the first twenty-five years of the American Renaissance many of the symptoms of the Old World congestion have already appeared,—the indifferent public neglects to visit the galleries, and the competing painters and sculptors find their works returned unsold on their hands, even when, as very frequently happens, they are not sent back to them as “declined” by the overcrowded or unappreciative jury of admission.

In three at least of the more important cities, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Saint Louis, the leading art institution, museum, or academy has, within the last few years, frankly abandoned the plan of

endeavoring to give annual exhibitions of American art alone, and has established means of collecting, in company with the works of the most distinguished native, those of eminent foreign, painters, so as to give its displays a distinctly international character,—even to the extent of inviting foreign artists to come over and sit on the international juries, to award the prizes to the most deserving. By this means, they have secured much more important exhibitions of works of art, and have thereby more greatly contributed to the true art interests of the country and justified their own existence,—whatever may have been the sufferings of the thus crowded-out American painter. It may even be thought that in thus discouraging the less talented or less experienced they are also furthering the best interests of true culture,—in art, as in every other manifestation of life, the terrible rule of the survival of the fittest seems to hold good, and in the as yet not overcrowded nation there are other openings for him or her who has thus failed to realize the dream of youth and the reward, it may be, of many sacrifices. In the course of this cruel winnowing there may yet be developed that great national art without which, it is asserted, our place among the nations will not be completely assured.

The effects of this discouragement are not as yet largely apparent. In the upper ateliers of the handsome Fine Arts Building in Fifty-seventh Street in New York, the hundreds of students, men and women, from all the States in the nation, still continue to throng to the classes, while in the lower galleries the annual exhibitions of the Society of American Artists, of the water-color societies and—in the spring of 1900—of the Academy itself, are offered to such slender audiences that the financial results, from sales and admissions, are barely sufficient to meet the outlay, or end in absolute deficits. Nowhere in America are there to be found painters with the princely incomes from their brushes that are by no means unfrequent in France, England, and Germany (the American sculptors, it is said, do better—especially in these modern days of



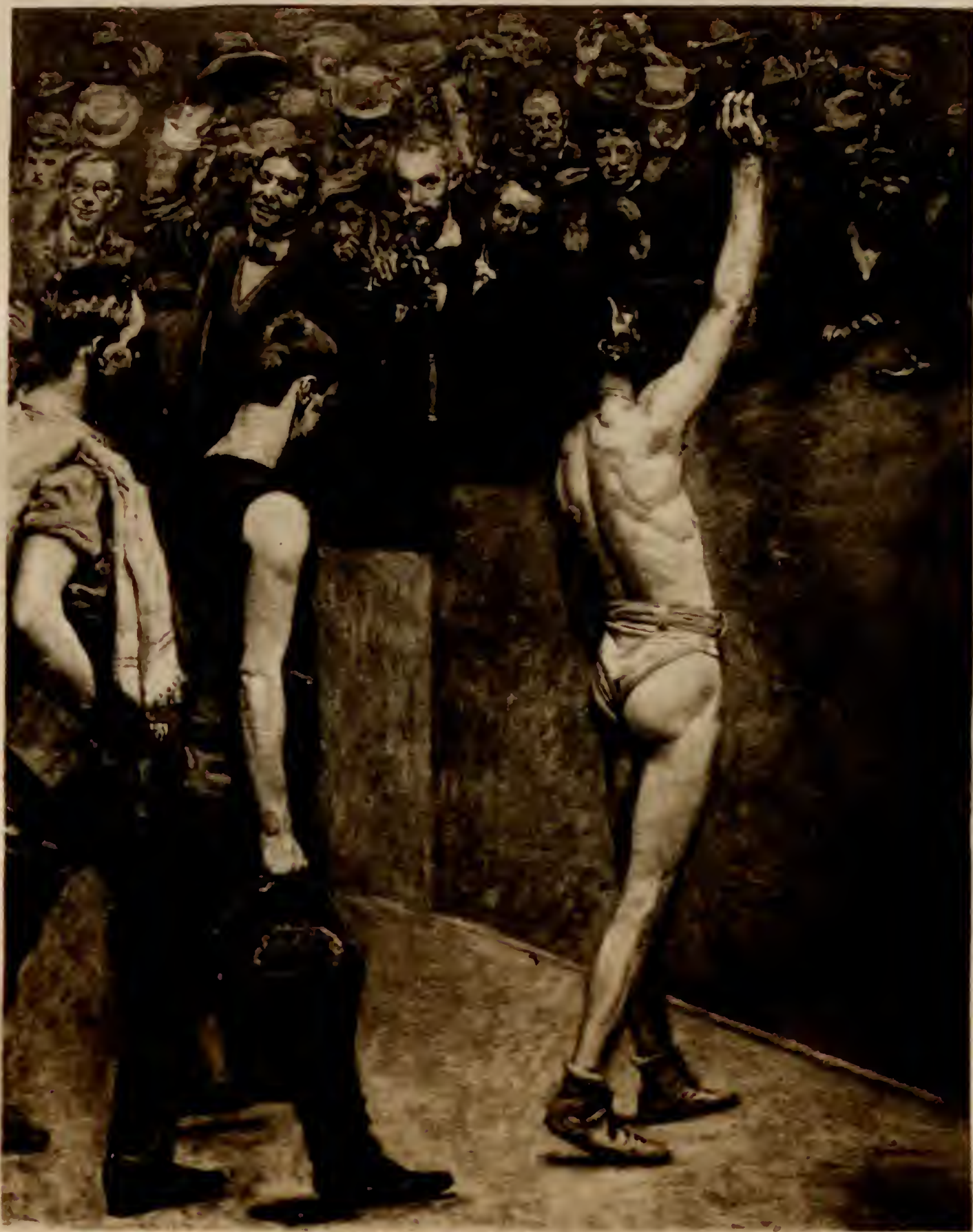
WILLIAM C. PALMER THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE SENATOR

great monuments and important works in architectural sculpture). In this particular respect, it must be admitted, the Renaissance has not been all that was hoped. The more or less indifferent public would probably reply to this reproach that this was largely the doing of the painters themselves, that—with very few exceptions—they had not yet succeeded in convincing their fellow-countrymen that their works were more interesting (to them) than those of the foreigners. It would point to the annual exhibitions of the Society of American Artists, the representative body of the country, which, at the end of nearly twenty-five years, gave evidence of no distinct advancement, no development on any of the great lines of art, and were less interesting and less thronged than they were at the beginning. And—with that admixture of truth and untruth which is usually to be found in the utterances of the *vox populi*—it would assert that the foreign painters were more ingenious, had larger conceptions,

and were generally more attractive as painters, in landscape, genre, and portraiture. All this was said in the Düsseldorf period, and the weary painters still hear it with their ears.

With regard to the Society of American Artists,—which, as we have said, was planned to be all that its name implies,—the history is somewhat interesting. For the first few years the new blood in its veins beat vigorously and triumphantly, and the Academy seemed hopelessly worsted in its struggle to maintain itself as a representative institution. No ambitious young painter would think of sending his best work to the annual exhibition in the old Venetian building in Twenty-third Street if he had a chance of having it received at the Society's display. But gradually the older institution began to open its doors to the more talented or the less aggressive of its opponents; the honorable possibility of placing the magic initials A.N.A. or N.A. after his name tempted the Sociétaires one after the other. Once inside, and seated around the ancient council-table, it was found that compromises were possible, and that war to the hilt was superfluous; the methods of the old institution began to liberalize, and the canvases of the dissidents to appear on its walls. This process of amalgamation was greatly aided by the few moderates, somewhat riper in years, who had been members of both bodies from the beginning. About the same time, possibly in consequence, the high principles of the Society began, apparently, to disintegrate, the usual friendly rivalries between associated artists, it was said (both without doors and within), began to aggravate, the word "cliques" was heard, the remorseless rejection of the annual juries (frequently of half the pictures sent in) stirred up discontent,—and the evil continued to grow until it was frequently asserted and largely believed that prejudices and favoritism obtained and that honors and awards were distributed on other grounds than merit alone. The prestige of the Society thus fatally injured suffered also in the formal secession, a few years ago, of several of its most distinguished members, ten in number, who

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went off in a body, loudly proclaiming that they did so because the Society had become a merely "commercial" institution, mainly conducted for the benefit of the weaker brethren in its ranks, and insinuating, not quite so loudly, that they, the Ten, represented all the best painting in the country.

In this they exaggerated, they did include at least two of the best painters in the country, but they left others behind them who did not secede. In addition to all this, the Society's exhibitions, as well as the Academy's, have long been injured by the habitual abstention from these annual displays of some of their most distinguished members, as well as by that of a few artists of talent who are not members of any of the three organizations. So that, at the present day, there can be said to be no one representative body of American painters,—which is probably not at all a serious affair. The sculptors of repute, much fewer in number and more rigorously defined, as it were, are much more completely represented in the National Sculptors' Society, which also has its seat in New York. The Academy continued to gain slowly in prestige, and might have continued to do so to a greater degree without becoming to any great extent a factor in the aforesaid Renaissance, had it not been for the, apparently, most unfortunate move of purchasing a site for its new building in the extreme northwestern part of the city, at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Morningside Park, when compelled to evacuate its Venetian palace in Twenty-third Street. Thus homeless, doubting if it will ever build in this remoteness, and without sufficient funds to build (in spite of active canvassing), it was forced, at its last annual spring exhibition, to apply for the galleries in the building in which the Society is lodged,—to the very great discomfiture of two or three of its members.

In the perhaps more important exhibitions, more international in character, in the three or four cities of which we have spoken, and in the larger manifestation throughout the country and abroad of which

no exhibitions can keep the record, there is undoubtedly to be perceived an art development on very sound and æsthetic principles, and which, in three or four examples, rises to the very highest altitude. It could very plausibly be asserted—and sustained by contemporary documents—that the most brilliant, the most thoroughly equipped painter, and the most distinguished sculptor, the most distinguished in style, in breadth and loftiness of vision and sureness of execution, now living, are both of them Americans. Apart from these, there is to be perceived in the best of the contemporary art of the nation, in company with great technical ability, an inspiration, a culture, an individuality which seeks earnestly after the truth, which does not hesitate to return to the old formulas when conscious of a new breath with which to inspire them and which is equally unafraid of the familiar, the strictly local and realistic. That which is somewhat curious is that the extreme extremes, in technique and theme,—both of the unregulated searchers after the novel at any price and of those dissolving in the slime of a self-confessed decadence, not uncommon in the contemporary art of the Old World,—are almost unknown in the painting, sculpture, and design of the United States. In all of the various forms of the fine arts, from architecture to goldsmiths' work, which are concerned with the tangible representation in form and color of the intangible, there are to be found works and workmen of the first quality,—it has become somewhat the custom to assert that this excellence has manifested itself more particularly in the various forms of mural decoration by the painters and of architectural and monumental sculpture by the sculptors. In this tendency to employ painting and sculpture in connection with architecture has even been found that long-sought "distinctive American Art," that element which shall be at once original and national. It is to be noticed that the most distinguished of these honors are generally divided pretty evenly between the veterans and the younger generation,—from which it might be inferred that there had not been very much of a Renaissance after all.

In matters of detail, the sculptors generally confine their productive activity to their own country, while the painters are much more widely scattered. Three of the most distinguished of the latter, Messrs. Sargent, Abbey, and Millet, have pitched the tents of their sojourning in England; that ancient fountain of inspiration, and capital of all the arts, Paris, has retained within her walls or within the immediate sphere of her



J.M.W. TURNER. A RAINY DAY.

influence three or four or five who have perhaps ended by confounding themselves with the innumerable painters of all nations here assembled, two or three find their familiar fields of labor in Holland, two or three have located in western Germany, and one or two, like Mr. Lord Weeks, vibrate between the extreme Orient and western Europe. From Paris, the source of artistic light twenty-five years ago, the sceptre seems to be surely departing,—the most fervent of the élèves of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts of that period now return to shake their heads mournfully over the thinness of the Salons and the decadence of Carolus and Bonnat. The American collectors and the fashionable purveyors to the aristocratic portrait-painters are slower to see this Lutetian decline than the American artists,—from which ensues some

of that bitterness to which we have alluded, but it will eventually reach also their cognizance. The Royal Academy is certainly not yet prepared to assume the rôle of the Salon as a beacon-light, whatever may be the distinctions or the facilities afforded by the brilliant London Society or by colonies of painters on the coast of Cornwall; the more virile and imposing, and frequently imaginative, art of Germany is as yet less sympathetic and less well known;—in which of these, if in either, the contemporary art of the United States will henceforth seek instruction and inspiration, or whether it will somewhat boldly and injudiciously cut all the ties of dependency upon the Old World, is as yet not told.

The appreciation of this art abroad may be defined as being on the whole very liberal and very just. No considerations of local pride or prejudice are permitted to stand in the way of the ungrudging eulogy of the works of Mr. Saint-Gaudens or of Messrs. Sargent and Abbey, nor even in the judicious approval of somewhat less distinguished artists who exhibit their works at the Salon or the R.A.;—there are to be met with occasionally the inevitable allusions to the lack of the characteristic, North-American note, or to the very great debt which these scholars from abroad owe to their Alma Maters, but these are to be expected, and are, moreover, very largely founded upon fact. At the Salon of 1899, for example, M. Roger Marx, one of the most distinguished and authoritative of the French connoisseurs, found evidences of the formation of an Anglo-American school of painting, which “hopes to avoid plagiarism by combining the methods of Whistler and of Sargent; there are to be seen, at the exhibition of the *Société Nationale* particularly, only mysterious evocations of personages evolving themselves out of the gloom,—some of them irritating by the set determination to follow the formulas and by the disagreeable insincerity; others succeed in seducing us, thanks to the harmonizing of the color and the technical mastery of the workmanship.” But international alliances in art are apt not to be very permanent nor very efficacious in their development.

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A characteristic figure in the older art of the country, and one which perhaps as well as any illustrates the curious divergence of views, of general conception of art as a means of expression, between the older generation and the younger, has just passed away in the spring of 1900, at the date of the opening of the Paris Exposition, in the American section of which—unlike some of his contemporaries—he was not represented, and in which his principal works would certainly have struck discord. Mr. Frederick Edwin Church, the painter of the “Heart of the Andes,” of “Chimborazo,” and of “Niagara,” vast, comprehensive, panoramic canvases, carefully constructed upon Academic laws of composition, upon the traditions of the classic school of landscape-painting, probably found it as difficult to comprehend the point of view of the modern painters of *morceaux* and of *motifs* as they do his. He represented his generation, as they, perhaps, do theirs,—his more important works were received in England with the same honors which were bestowed upon the icebergs of Mr. Bradford and the Yosemite views of Mr. Bierstadt, and which had been freely accorded to the allegories and Scriptural scenes of Benjamin West. Mr. Bierstadt still survives, and still gives evidence upon canvases of size of that breadth of conception and ingenuity in rendering which first made him famous. In continuance of this line of general, and not too exact, classification, it might be said that the transition between this art and that of the modern landscape and marine painters is furnished by Mr. Thomas Moran, who, on much smaller canvases, gives evidence of that harkening after the magnificent, the imposing, that desire to render the great aspects of nature and art, which to-day is largely a sealed book, and who does so with much more of the modern ingenuity of technique than did his elders.

In the work of Mr. La Farge, all times and schools meet,—not only is he possessed of all that technical mastery of his tools which the moderns prize so highly, even to the developing in his riper years of new methods and new processes calculated to restore the art of stained

glass to all its ancient importance and beauty, but also has he something of that inspiration of creation which is usually called genius. The secrets of all the schools are his,—in a drawing of a wolf-leader, he presents with more than mediæval subtlety and force of suggestion the mediæval theme of the infusion of the nature of the beast into that of the man, mysterious, stealthy, supple, and cruel; on the smallest of canvases he paints Aphrodite of old, coming up out of the sea in a wonderful luminous twilight, the goddess and the twilight and the sea most wonderful and beautiful; on a great modern church window he renders the ancient, hackneyed theme of the angel troubling the pool, with a freshness and simplicity of conception that are bedazzling. Probably no one minor theme in the history of art has been more often rendered than this Scriptural incident,—only the other day it was given as a subject in one of the great *concours* at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The élèves all rendered it as all their predecessors and forbears had done, time out of mind,—with much insistence upon the multitude of the lame, the halt, and the blind crowding to the edge and with the angel descending from above in a whirl of wings and draperies, or coming stiffly down,—striking an attitude inevitably, and much more concerned with the necessity of conforming to the rules of composition, or of duly impressing the spectator, than with his errand. Mr. La Farge did not perceive his subject in any such manner,—in the wide space of his window is seen the dark-green pool lying silent amidst the translucent cool marbles of the temple, quite alone save for one or two worshippers at the extreme left who recoil in awe as they suddenly perceive on the marble steps at the right the angel glowing like a jewel, and who stoops quite simply and puts his finger in the water! Nothing could be more reasonable and more beautiful;—the extraordinary beauty and luminousness of color which the modern stained glass places at the disposal of a painter—more luminous and beautiful than any he can find in his tubes or his pigments—here being at the service of a past grand master.

The English, who are never weary of repeating that the great French landscape school of 1830 drew its original inspiration from Constable and Bonnington, also plume themselves upon the fact that Mr. La Farge first conceived the possibility of this renewal of the ancient glories of stained glass after seeing certain painted windows executed from designs by Ford



Madox Brown, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones. Possibly he did, but it must have been in consequence of the working of the law of contrasts, for the modern English school excels in any qualities rather than in those of color, and English glass, hampered by this national ineptitude, is also lightened and thinned by the necessity of considering the cloudy and tempered light of that rainy isle. In the blazing, and sometimes barbaric, sunlight of America, any possibility of sumptuous and overloaded color may be accepted for a great window,—though it is quite possible that

Mr. La Farge, as a painter, might occupy himself rather with the possibilities of his work than with those of his climate.

Not content with all these fields of art, he has also, in later years, gone on a voyage to the Southern Seas and been inspired to render the beauty of light and color and graceful forms of these once Fortunate Isles,—the sea and the sky, and the distant blue mountains, and the half-draped, warm-tinted maids who make kava in great bowls and dance on the lawns and swim in the torrents. In these water-colors, mostly of small size and simple in theme, he has contrived, with the familiar methods of that much-abused medium, to demonstrate once more its great facilities in the production of charming, translucent color, and also to open new horizons to the tarry-at-home travellers.

Very different in quality is that younger master, Mr. Sargent, and it is a fine and important national school of art that can include them both. It is not too much to say that the work of the American portrait-painter is appreciated by his European commentators in superlatives, whilst the few voices lifted in disparagement can find nothing more forcible than doubting comparatives. "Mr. John Sargent," writes Fernand Khnopff, the mystical Belgian painter, "is beyond comparison the greatest master of brush-work and of color-material now living." And this chorus increases in volume gradually, and finds new food for its laudation each succeeding year. The English *Magazine of Art*, in its review of the Royal Academy exhibition of this year, 1900, asserts that the works of Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Sargent would in themselves justify a pilgrimage to Burlington House. "Mr. Sargent, too, has left behind all the records that he has already made. Brilliant he has always been, an extraordinary executant to whom no technical difficulties have seemed insurmountable and by whom some of the most remarkable exercises in pure painting that any school can show have been carried out with consummate ease. But the two portraits of the Lord Chief



Justice that he has sent to the Academy are in handling and in realization of personal attributes almost the finest things he has done as yet, amazing in their vitality and their assertion of the nature of the sitter. More astonishing still is his large group of the three daughters of Mrs. Percy Wyndham, a composition that unites many of the best qualities of his art. Its elegance and vivacity have no taint of theatrical artifice, and its decorative dignity is independent of any mechanical use of convention; while as an exercise in subtleties of color arrangement and in modulations of tone, it is completely masterly. The painter's craft has never stood him in better stead, nor has his taste ever seemed more sound and judicious." The London correspondent of the Paris *Galvani* writes in this same May of the year 1900: "The most startlingly effective item in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy is undoubtedly Mr. John S. Sargent's Diploma-work, deposited on his election as an Academician. A drawing in a continental gallery—a drawing whose fame is world-wide—bears an inscription stating that Raphael sent it to Albert Dürer to show him his hand. And the 'Interior of Venice' (No. 729), which Mr. Sargent has deposited with his fellow-artists of the Royal Academy, seems also to be designed, as was the study by Raphael, as an exhibition of the painter's command of sheer technique. For it is not an arranged or designed composition, but obviously just a study by Mr. Sargent of an interior in a Venetian palace, with the inhabitants of it included just in such attitudes as they naturally assumed whilst the artist was working upon the interior. An old gentleman sitting in the foreground examines some prints or drawings; an elderly lady, seated also, looks straight out of the picture; more in the background, a young man and a girl are standing at a tea-table. The human *motif* is simple and not important; its setting is picturesque, but the skill with which it is depicted is absolutely marvellous, and sets Mr. Sargent in line with the great technicians of all the ages. This Venetian interior is an absolute little masterpiece; one stands before it absolutely lost in

admiration of the skill which, with such apparently simple means, can produce for us such surprisingly true and vivid results."

From all this incomparable baggage,—one such as few painters of any time could show,—Mr. Sargent, or the Fates for him, selected three of his portraits to represent him typically at the Paris International Exposition of 1900. Of these, two were the familiar arrangements of single figures in black, against a blackish background, the lighter tones of the flesh of the head and hands asserting themselves with some vividness, both of them being late productions, and one of them that of a lady in scholastic gown, the honorable president of a very modern educational institute for young women in the vicinity of Philadelphia. The second was Mr. Sargent's famous "Wertheimer portrait" of 1898,—such a vivid presentation of personal individuality, restrained by such absolute judgment, that it is justly famous. In the lower corner, at his master's knee, the very black head of a French poodle emerges from the gloom, with one bright, intelligent eye fixed on the spectator and with the reddest and wettest of tongues lolling out of his mouth. The third of these representative canvases was one of the painter's most celebrated arrangements in grouping and color, the portrait of Mrs. Carl Meyer and her children,—“unquestionably the dominating picture of the whole Academy,” said the critic of the R. A. for 1897. “It is indeed the one undoubted masterpiece of the exhibition—a masterpiece in the true sense of a masterwork of a master-painter, and not in the modern dilettante sense of the newer critic—a bright effort of a youthful craftsman. In this picture, Mrs. Meyer and her two children are living and breathing in the room in which Mr. Sargent has painted them. The likenesses are perfect, but that is a minor merit; the drawing, like the technique, is unimpeachable; the arrangement and composition natural though subtle; and, above all, the harmony of color in its apparent simplicity is incomparably fine and tender. Rarely have tender gray and white and pink been wrought into a posy of such beauty; rarely



CHARLES STEWART THE LAUGHTER

has dexterity so complete been employed more sincerely and more justifiably."

"He has the brilliancy and happy audacity of the pioneer," says M. A. L. Baldry, writing in the *Studio*, "the readiness to face difficulties and to attack complicated problems that is characteristic of a race full of youthful energy, but he has acquired also the sense of style and the respect for established authorities that come from close and careful observation of what has been done by the nations among which artistic creeds have been elaborately built up by a slow process of gradual construction." "In each fresh portrait," writes Marion Hepworth Dixon, "Mr. Sargent would seem to see the great inexorable riddle. It is in suggesting the potentialities of his sitter that the artist differs so widely from the portrait-painters of the last century, to whom he is sometimes

ignorantly compared." On the other hand, the painter's critics find certain tendencies, some technical and some personal, which they deplore,—of the former, principally his very original device of placing himself above his sitter, so that he paints down upon him, to the great disturbance of the perspective, which in the case of the portrait of Mrs. Meyer brings the distant floor-line of the room above the lady's head. He is also accused of a lack of deeper sympathy, of intellectual appreciation of his sitters, of exaggerating their characteristics and overaccentuating their personal peculiarities. "He is a clever man,—no one ever attempts to deny that,—a great one, perhaps; but he has no sweetness, no suavity of manner, and prefers to caricature the defects of a peculiar type rather than to seek out those latent possibilities of idealization which it is the duty of every self-respecting painter to discover at all costs, or even to invent if they do not exist. He is horribly literal, appallingly uncomplimentary, no respecter of persons, and terribly unresponsive—worst heresy of all—to the charms of a pretty girl."

Sometimes these criticisms take a decidedly personal turn. It seems that in London there is "a certain critical, an almost disdainful bias commonly ascribed to Mr. Sargent. There is a story current, and may be taken for just what such stories are worth, that few sitters leave the well-known studio in Tite Street without a feeling of resentment against their portrayer. The statement, made in all probability by the artist himself, is just one of those jests which contain a fraction of truth. There are critics, for instance,—critics, moreover, of a nice understanding in matters more immediately discernible,—who see a positively hostile quality in Mr. John S. Sargent's outlook on men and things. I think it was Mr. D. S. MacColl who recently averred that he found something 'cold and accusing' in the eye of the American painter."

One of the problems presented by Mr. Sargent to the contemporary observer is, why is he a portrait-painter at all?—especially with a general mental attitude such as that above described, which must be quite at

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variance with that sympathy with what is real and tangible, that sensitiveness to impressions from types of personality and distinctly individual character, which are usually considered to be so essential to a portrait-painter. It is true that one of his valuable equipments is a close and accurate observation, and that he probably realized that in the field of portrayal of vivid actuality he could obtain a comparatively easy success; but the trials of professional portrait-painting are well known, are experienced by the most successful practitioners, and in Mr. Sargent's case could have been completely avoided by the choice of other fields in which he has given evidences of equal mastery of technique, of even greater judgment and knowledge, of a greater intellectual breadth and power of imagination, and in which—quite untrammelled by the exigencies of social etiquette, of perpetual personal contact frequently almost mercantile in character, of having his themes imposed upon him instead of selecting them himself, of being constantly hampered by hours and dates and localities and *convenances*—he could give free exercise to that joy of absolute selection and creation which is one of the highest privileges of the artist. It would seem that the painter of the "Smoke of Ambergris," of "El Jaleo," of the "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," of such Venetian interiors as that described above, and which have been a favorite theme for his lighter moments, and of the imposing series of decorations for the Boston Public Library, would make of the painting of portraits a variation and not a profession.

Like Mr. Sargent, Mr. Abbey—exercising that fine freedom of cosmopolitanism which is one of the artist's rarest perquisites—has elected to reside in England, and it was possibly from his illustrious friend and fellow-countryman that he received the first technical suggestions which aided in the rapid and brilliant transformation of the draftsman into the painter. In his pen and ink drawings for Herrick's poems, for the old English songs and comedies, and finally for Shakespeare, this other Philadelphian had displayed so very much more than the usual

illustrator's refinement and charm of suggestion that this evolution was inevitable. He has been praised by some of his English admirers for having boldly essayed painting before he had mastered all those technical qualifications which the modern school prizes so highly; but the period in his career in which his skill as a painter was distinctly inferior to that of the usual British exhibitor in the London galleries was sufficiently brief to be neglected by the conscientious historian. From his water-colors, the thinness and dryness of the mere designer rapidly disappeared; in pastels, he displayed a surprising talent in the use of the material, and in painting in oil he has attained to such excellence that the chroniclers of the Royal Academy exhibition of 1900 were obliged to cast about for a third artist, a native, who could be mentioned in the same breath with the two Americans who dominated the annual display at Burlington House. Mr. Orchardson was selected for this obligatory honor,—and after his name, it was confessed that the exhibition was “a woefully dull one.”

From his draftsman's work, Mr. Abbey has retained some of the themes and inspirations for his more notable paintings,—his first, the “Mayday Morn” of the Royal Academy of 1890, from a charming design from Herrick; the “Fiametta's Song” of 1894 from Shakespeare or from some sonnet illustration; the “Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne” of the R.A. of 1896; the “Hamlet” of 1897, the “King Lear” of 1898, and the “Trial of Queen Katherine” of 1900, from Shakespeare. But the literary quality is not that which peculiarly characterizes his work,—as was pointed out at the time, Hamlet, in the play-scene, is represented as most unprincely and somewhat undersized, sprawled on the floor at Ophelia's side, and that unfortunate maid, blonde and staring vaguely, is no more sympathetic than her lover. The dramatic interest centres in the figures of the king and queen, seated in the obscurity of the middle distance, draped in red, the queen's face half concealed in her long hair. It was said that Mr. Abbey had derived some of his

costumes, and even suggestions, for one or two of his figures, from Ford Madox Brown's designs for "King Lear,"—"but how much finer in drawing, more superb in color and tone." The "King Lear" was thought to be more illustrative, but in that the dramatic quality was retained and the theatrical avoided. Of these Shakespearean revivals, the finest is probably the wooing of Lady Anne by her husband's murderer in the very midst of the funeral procession,—a brilliant piece of painting in its arrangement of reds and blacks, and a most skilful and subtle design in the depiction of the crook-backed suitor and of the doubt and distress and charm of the widow's countenance and the agitation of her figure under her vail and her ceremonial robe.



JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. PORTRAIT OF MRS. CECILIA

In the "Trial of Queen Katherine" of the Exposition year 1900, in which the unhappy lady has slipped from her chair to her knees in a passion of entreaty, at the feet of the king and Wolsey, it was thought by the critics, both English and French, that there was lacking a certain breadth and a certain earnestness of conviction on the part of the artist. "Yet Mr. Abbey holds his own more than satisfactorily by sheer weight

of what we must now recognize as genius," said the editor of the *Magazine of Art*. In the United States, this artist is represented by his monumental work, in the Boston Library, for which he qualified himself by four years of study and research. The selection of this subject for this great mural decoration is thus explained by Mr. M. H. Spielman, the painter's latest biographer. "In choosing the mighty legend of the Sangreal . . . he had been inspired by the wish to adopt what was at once the most appropriate and the most poetical of all literary themes. For it is the subject that lies at the root of all Western romance, the great fountain of literature that is common to all Christendom, Saxon and Celt, Gallic and Welsh. The first idea was that the artist's decoration should deal with the works of Shakespeare—the common property of England and America; a task for which Mr. Abbey's previous work was thought to prove him admirably fitted. Moreover, Boston prides herself upon her magnificent collection of Shakespeareana, boasting items which even Oxford Bodleian does not possess; and on what is called the 'special library floor' there were to be rooms decorated in harmony with their contents. But this intention was thrown aside, and 'The Sources of Modern Literature,' as being even more comprehensive, took its place. So the sketches for the Shakespearean walls—the 'Cid,' 'Amadis of Gaul,' the 'Song of Roland,' the Nibelungen Ring—all gave way to the Holy Grail, the earliest and most popular of all the legends of Christendom. . . . To this artist belongs the distinction of having executed, so far as I am aware, the only elaborate mural picturing of the greatest stories in Christendom—which is, perhaps, the more extraordinary, as these romances are of the few that have belonged to the very blood of the people, and for ages have dominated the world of poetry and romance from Iceland to Gibraltar and from Ireland to Venice."

Both Messrs. Sargent and Abbey are members of the Royal Academy and *Hors Concours* at the Paris Salon; the former was given the ribbon



of the Legion of Honor in 1889. The French Académie des Beaux-Arts has recently elected as corresponding foreign member, to replace M. Civiletti, of Palermo, Mr. Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, whose latest important monument is the equestrian figure of General Sherman, "in his habit as he lived," led by a Greek Victory. In this combination of the new and the old,—both of them hackneyed themes,—this seemingly arbitrary bringing-together of the realistic and the highest ideal, the apparently inevitable inconsistencies have disappeared as if they were not possible. The leader of the march through Georgia, his horse and the Niké complete each other in one harmonious group that is fused together, as it were, by one flame of triumph. Nothing could be finer and more beautiful in line and form than this swift and proud advance,—in the great central crowded court of sculpture of the Grand Palais of the Paris Exposition this admirable group dominated all the works around it, not by its size, but by its style. It is in this curious ability to inspire old or worn themes with new life—either, as in this case, partly by original combinations, or, as in the "Lincoln" at Chicago, by apparently slight variations of treatment and conception that are seemingly not sufficient to explain the absolutely new work thus presented—that Mr. Saint-Gaudens's peculiar ability may be said to lie. He has none of that uneasy craving after novelty which so torments some of the decadent French sculptors of the contemporary school, which sometimes leads them to violate all the canons of their art by unworthy and tasteless eccentricities of technique, or by frank vulgarization of their themes,—as in Falguière's "Junos" and "Dianas." His familiar subject receives at his hands a new birth, and his interpretation is always somewhat finer and more beautiful than any old one which we can remember at the moment,—the gaunt figure, the frock-coat, and the impossible trousers of Mr. Lincoln; the figure of a caryatid with uplifted arms, somewhat formal and architectural in treatment; the conventional draped, seated figure of Meditation; the equestrian figure of an officer in modern military uniform. He has

contrived to translate the Oration at Gettysburg into a statue, and the War of Emancipation into a relief. Sometimes these translations are so complete and at the same time so subtle that those ignorant of the theme fail to comprehend all the significance of the work;—as the Colonel Shaw monument, removed from its proper site and set up in the Paris Salon, meant much less to the French admirers of Mr. Saint-Gaudens than it does to his American ones on the Boston hill. But these foreign critics are sufficiently appreciative,—as witness M. Léonce Benedite in *La Revue de l'Art ancien et moderne*:

“The absolute respect for his subject, an ambition which scrupulously abstains from all adventures, a great loyalty to sculpture as such, enhanced by a solid foundation of education and very serious faculties of observation and reflection,—these characterize the talent of an American artist. . . . The equestrian statue of General Sherman does not diminish the rapid consideration which Mr. Saint-Gaudens has here acquired; it is a complete work, discreetly colored in the accessories of the harness and the costume [at the Salon], of a high and proud elegance and of a simplicity full of true grandeur.”

Sculpture in the United States is thought to have had a little revival all of its own within the last five or six years, brought about partly by the general movement of things, partly by the increasing demand for monumental sculpture for large public buildings such as the Congressional Library, and partly through the influence of the National Sculpture Society, which held its first complete exhibition, in New York, in 1895. Much stress was laid upon the fact that in this exhibition the sculptors ventured to do what had never been done before, even in the Paris Salons,—to display their works without the aid of the painters. In their stead, they called in the coöperation of the florists and the gardeners, and the galleries of the Fine Arts Building in Fifty-seventh street were transformed into very picturesque and ingenious terraces and parterres where the marbles were judiciously spaced along winding paths and

amid exotic and domestic greenery, terminating at the back of the Vanderbilt Gallery in a handsome little loggia or colonnade with appropriate statues between the columns and on the entablature, a sculptured relief of flying figures supporting a tablet. A somewhat similar plan was adopted for the exhibition in 1898, in the same galleries, and though the financial problem of these expositions was not solved, and the costs remained as heavy as ever, it was felt that the public interest had been aroused in these works of the statuary to an extent not attained before. An important feature in this interest, which the sculptors have much at heart, is



CHARLES GRAFLY SYMBOL OF LIFE

the infusion into the breast of the average citizen who sits on committees on public monuments of the suspicion that the technical training of the artist makes him the best judge of the artistic requirements. Well-attended and attractive public exhibitions, it was thought, would tend to the growth of this suspicion, and the consequent smoothing of negotiations with municipal and other bodies. In common with the Fine Arts boards which have been given a semi-official position as advisory committees to the civic authorities in New York and a few other cities, the Sculpture Society has occasionally offered to act as arbiter in cases where it was proposed to erect monuments of doubtful value, and though its advice has not always been heeded, seed has been sown. To its efforts, it has been claimed, the country owes the decorations of the Library of Congress,—the architects of this building and of the Appellate Court of New York City have been enabled by public opinion to embody in their plans sculpture, and sites for sculpture. "Had the society not existed, the chances are great that one of two things would have happened,—these buildings would not have been adorned with sculpture at all, or they would have been decorated by inferior European artists," to quote from the catalogue of the last exhibition.

The popular appreciation of the art, it is thought, has also been stimulated by the placing within reach of amateurs and collectors of smaller works, statuettes, and reductions of life-size figures,—the latter effected mathematically by a newly introduced reduction machine. The bulk and weight of statuary, and its very assertive whiteness when in marble, are naturally opposed to its popular domestic consumption,—the latter quality more particularly so in these later days of low-toned and harmonious furnishings. The American sculptors have as yet made no important experiments in the "polychrome sculpture" so exploited by the French, the combination of various and frequently discordant materials, but they have attained some very good results in the way of discreetly tinting or bronzing or otherwise darkening the plaster, and

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occasionally the marble. Some of the portrait and decorative heads of Mr. Herbert Adams, for example, confine themselves very cleverly to the line of suggestion, without going over into that of imitation.

With regard to their public spirit, as well as their professional capacity, the sculptors made an excellent display in the matter of the erection of the Dewey, or Naval, Arch, in Madison Square, New York, in the summer of 1899,—not only giving their labor gratuitously, but continuously throughout the torrid months, and achieving, in the completed and improvised whole, a general unity and dignity of decorative monumental work which it is doubtful if any other nation could have bettered.

It is possibly somewhat to this long dependence upon an indifferent public appreciation which the very nature of the art entails that the American sculpture owes its general character of sobriety and dignity. The initial costs are too heavy, and the appreciative audience is too small, to encourage any of those eccentricities or wilful experiments in plaster or marble or bronze, frequently of enormous size, which the Continental sculptors permit themselves. Among these may be included those contemporary essays in pushing the capacity of sculpture for subtle expression to its utmost possible extent,—frequently in confiding to it themes apparently far beyond its means of expression, of which Rodin's *Balzac* may be taken as the representative example. It is impossible to define the limits of expression of which the carved stone is capable,—but the failure of many of these modern works to convey the meaning which they are supposed to carry, even with the aid of titles and fervid commentators, seems to demonstrate that too much must not be asked of this, as of any other, art. It is possible, also, that as we do not see in American painting or design any of those weird flights of the imagination of which the Germans, the Scandinavians, and occasionally the Italians are capable, the national temperament does not permit them. American art lacks a background of national tradition and mythology; we

are too new; the red Indian with *his* autochthonous mysteries totally fails to answer the requirements, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Mr. Longfellow and others to induce us to accept him; and it is an effort to cross the seas even in imagination in order to fall asleep in the lap of legends old. There are a few exceptions,—two or three painters who render things heretofore quite unseen, and two or three of the younger sculptors who experiment with mysticisms with as much hardihood and no better success than their professional brethren in Europe. But, generally speaking, the old school of the American sculptors, most of whom drew their inspiration from Rome, and of whom two of the ablest, Mr. E. D. Palmer, of Albany, and Mr. Thomas Ball, still survive, treated their art in the good old sculpturesque methods. Nor of those who came after them, of whom Mr. John Q. A. Ward, the president of the Sculpture Society, may be taken as a leader, were there any of note who made any distinct effort to break bounds. The adoption of a strictly American subject did not affect the acceptance of the traditional methods,—the *White Captive* and the *Indian Hunter* are both rendered according to the accepted laws of the schools. This general character of dignity, of fidelity to the traditions of sculpture, notwithstanding the widening of their field by all the complications of modern life, marks the productions of all the most notable American sculptors,—Brown, the author of the equestrian statue of Washington in Union Square, New York; the two Saint-Gaudenses, Launt Thompson, Olin L. Warner, French, Bartlett, Hartley, Martiny.

Thus it comes to pass, very fortunately, that when these competent artists are required to meet in collaboration, as in the Naval Arch and the Appellate Court building in New York, and the Congressional Library in Washington, their work, in the treatment of similar themes and under the regulation of the same decorative and architectural requirements, combines so well that it is sometimes difficult to recognize each man's own. This does not prevent the expression of a particular talent in other

works,—as in Mr. Warner's portrait heads, modelled with a rendering of the life and spirit of the sitter that is wonderful, and with a beauty of delicate modelling in which he excelled; and in Mr. French's monumental figures, the well-known *Death and the Sculptor*, the monument erected to John Boyle O'Reilly in Boston, and in which Erin sits twining an oak wreath with a Celtic "Patriotism" on one side and a Celtic "Poetry" on the other, or in his still more admirable group of Doctor Gallaudet teaching the sign-language to a little deaf-mute girl. Mr. Bartlett first made his reputation by the statue of the *Bear Trainer*, now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; in the Luxembourg, he is represented by a wonderful study in tinged and burnished bronze of an enormous horned frog, and his statue of Michael Angelo for the Congressional Library is one of the most expressive and characteristic figures even in that rotunda, and one of the most satisfactory presentations of the bodily appearance of that formidable genius. Rather curiously, in this summer of the Exposition of 1900, Paris has seen the inauguration on successive days, July 3d and 4th, of two very important equestrian statues by American sculptors in two of her most prominent public places,—both of them presented by American subscriptions to the French capital. Mr. Bartlett's statue of the youthful Lafayette, offering his sword to the service of the revolted colonies, and expressing, in the richness of his costume, the handsome trappings and the elaborately plaited mane and tail of his horse, "the difference of his race, his education and atavism," in the sculptor's own words, is set up, temporarily in "staff," in one of the handsome little railed-in parks in the great court of the Louvre facing the Carrousel. Mr. French's statue of Washington, the horse by Edward C. Potter, raising his sword high in the air as he takes command of the Revolutionary army at Cambridge, July 3, 1775, is erected in the Place d'Iéna, facing the opening of the Avenue du Trocadéro,—and each of them, by its peculiar sculptural character and its artistic excellence, seems peculiarly fitted for its imposing location.

Messrs. French's and Potter's statue also appears, in plaster, in the vaulted porch of the United States pavilion, facing on the Seine.

At the last exhibition of the Sculpture Society, in 1898, Mr. Ward was represented principally by his studies for the colossal original statue of *Poetry* for the dome of the Library in Washington, and for four colossal figures for the State House in Hartford, Connecticut; Mr. Warner, by a number of his busts and bronze medallions, and by the model for his bronze doors for the Congressional Library; Mr. French, by his group



CHARLES ROSSHOVEN. GRANT MITHRAS (FRYERIAN)

for the O'Reilly monument, and by statues of Rufus Choate and Herodotus, the latter in bronze in the Washington Library; Mr. Niehaus, among other things, by his excellent seated figure of Hahnemann for the monument in Washington; Mr. Ruckstuhl, by his *Solon*, to figure among the statues of lawgivers in the Washington Library; Mr. Adams, by the model for the bronze doors for the same building, completed by him after Mr. Warner's death, and by a number of portraits, in busts and in relief; Mr. John Donoghue, by two statuettes; Mr. J. Scott Hartley, by a number of portraits; Mr. J. Massey Rhind, by statues of Hendrick Hudson and Peter Stuyvesant,



and two studies of Indians; and Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens by a bronze relief portrait. Mr. MacMonnies, the most productive of all these artists, and the list of whose works, beginning with the famous dancing *Bacchante*, now on the Luxembourg terrace, and declined by the Boston Public Library, is far too long to be quoted here, was represented only by a medallion portrait and by one of the best of his minor works, a small bronze fountain figure of a boy and a duck. Three or four of these smaller decorative works, his statue of Shakespeare and his *Nathan Hale* in the City Hall Park, New York, will be probably counted amongst his best works; his immense groups, the *Quadriga*, the *Army* and the *Navy* for the Army and Navy Arch in Brooklyn, will have to be judged on their merits when they are mounted in position, as well as the two groups of elephantine rearing horses for Coney Island Park; but of his group of *Venus and Adonis*, in red antique marble, it can certainly be said that he is entitled to the distinction of having produced the most vulgar figure of the goddess ever perpetrated by man since she came out of the sea-foam. Mr. Rondebust, one of the younger men, is of the moderns,—his life-size group of two naked wrestlers, seen at the Paris Exposition, is a very good example of the sculptor's technique. Among the most talented and most versatile of the numerous foreign artists who have made themselves American is Mr. Karl Bitter, an Austrian, who first became generally known through his very important groups on Mr. Richard M. Hunt's administration building in the Chicago Exhibition, and whose monumental and architectural work is now among the most important in the country.

The American sculptors have generally fared better with the North American Indian than the painters,—with the exception of Mr. George De Forest Brush, who long ago abandoned the noble savage as a theme and took to more spiritual ones. It is doubtful if there is much place in art for the savage, of any condition; but as a picturesque animal he is apparently better adapted to the uses of the statuary than to those of any other

artist. Naturally, a number of these have been moved to attempt to render him in his naked symmetry, and among the most successful of these attempts is that of Mr. Cyrus E. Dallin, the *Medicine Man*, sitting on his pony stripped even more completely than himself, the moccasins, a very summary breech-clout, and the great war bonnet of eagles' feathers constituting the rider's sole adornment. Thus apparelled, sitting motionless and shading his eyes with his hand, the group is one eminently statuesque in its forms, but the æsthetic interest cannot be very profound. Other sculptors, as J. Massey Rhind and H. A. MacNeil, have also lavished their talents on this more or less purely ethnological art, and Mr. Olin Warner modelled some years ago with great care a series of portrait medallions of various red chieftains and warriors. Among the animalists, mention should be made of Mr. Potter and of A. Phimister Proctor and Solon H. Borglum, the last-named somewhat more summary and atmospheric, so to speak, in his modelling than the second, and both of them also not averse to presenting the Indian, in war and the chase, on, and even under, his faithful horse. Some of Mr. Proctor's larger figures are marked by an excellent sense of style and decorative quality, and some of his smaller bronzes of the domestic or inoffensive animals by a curious completeness of knowledge and ability in rendering.

Of those sculptors who bring a greater imaginative and creative power to their works, combining it with great technical skill, one of the most talented is Theodore Bauer, whose smaller studies and sketches, in particular, many of them known only to his friends, give evidence of a certain genius enamored both of beauty and serenity, and of an imagination and mystical passion even more remarkable. Much more in the public eye at present is Mr. Barnard, whose immense marble group, *I feel Two Natures struggling within Me*, is probably America's most ambitious attempt to render the inexpressible in sculpture. In the similarity of the two heads, in their dazed and sightless expression and in the confused action of their unmeaning struggle, the artist has done

extremely well in representing his theme as far as the limitations of his art permit, but the enveloping "Me" is necessarily absent, and the spectator remains as ignorant of the spiritual significance of the whole as he does of that of the queer little beast that springs from the junction of the foot and arm of the two giants. The sculptor's colossal and impossible *God Pan*, in bronze, uglier than any mediæval devil, fit only to frighten children and nurse-maids, is but a waste of good metal. Of Mr. Charles Grafly's *Symbol of Life*, it is difficult to speak more highly, the triteness of the theme is only equalled by the grossness and uncouthness of the presentation. In a somewhat similar group of two figures, *From Generation to Generation*, this sculptor has shown better judgment and equal ability in modelling the figure, and his portrait busts have the appearance of being very good portraits. One of the features of the architectural and sculptural exhibitions of New York within the last few years has been a multitude of little decorative objects mostly modelled in wax, sconces, candlesticks, fountain figures, little panels, rendered with a curious originality and with a flourish and exuberance of imagination and ornament and detail that are admirable;—these are by a young artist named Henry Linder. In another of these minor but most valuable fields, Miss Bessie Potter, now Mrs. Vonnoh, has perpetuated, in a number of graceful little statuettes, full of life and pretty character but never falling into mere prettiness, some of the many feminine graces and charms of her younger countrywomen, misses, mothers, and babies. Finally, in the art of the medallist, there are a number of skilful practitioners, beginning with the two Saint-Gaudenses,—Messrs. Warner, Brenner, Calverley, Flanagan, and others, the last-named—whose monumental clock for the Congressional Library has for decoration for the base the group, here illustrated, in the good traditions of the Beaux-Arts, of the perpetual carrying forward of the torch of enlightenment—excelling in the delicate modelling and the light and spirited accentuation of the character of the sitter.



WILLIAM M. CHASE THE NATIVE WOMAN
 Loaned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

The painters have naturally a somewhat wider range,—they having in their baggage as means of expression not only color but also light and darkness, comparatively speaking,—that is to say, a much greater power of reticence, if not of suggestion also. Now, as every one knows, the art of expression consists very largely in the ability to suggest, to refrain from an all-revealing frankness and lucidity,—and the sculptor's tricks of suppressed modelling, or of no modelling at all, in his palpable white stone and his open daylight, are generally, in his hands, effective only to a certain extent. Probably the most artistic and best-informed attempt to find a theme for art in the American Indian was that of Mr. Brush, of which we have spoken; in four or five small canvases, executed with the greatest



conscientiousness, with a sense of style and of completeness of finish not unworthy of his master, Gérôme, he endeavored to perpetuate something of the traditions of these vanished or vanishing races. But this thin inspiration disappeared, the painter suddenly abandoned these aboriginal subjects, and found a much larger measure of success in those portrait groups of mother and children, grave and almost mystical, and of so peculiar a charm, for which he is to-day distinguished. Something of a similar nature arrived to Mr. Thayer,—he had made a reputation, but not a fortune, as merely a very good painter, of portraits, landscapes, cattle, anything; on the road to Damascus, on a certain day, a great light fell upon him, and he saw, and painted, those visions of the *Corps Ailé*, of the *Virgin Enthroned*, of the same Virgin with her two little attendants hurrying across a windy hill-top, in which the largeness of the *facture* is but a symbol of the elevation and beauty of the theme. These instances of painters finding and not finding their mission are curious; and a distressful incident is that which sometimes happens when the inspiration apparently fails, or the artist exhausts its illuminating capacities, and is left again unemployed. Mr. Thomas Dewing began his career, also, by painting well, but without any afflatus; then he was taught that by certain novel methods of the canvas and the pigments there could be produced wonderful, beautiful effects of light and color and air, interiors, twilight lawns, vaporous, very early mornings, and all these haunted by graceful draped figures that were the spirits of most charming modern ladies. Much the same might be said of Mr. Simmons; in his case, it was mural decorations in which he found his calling, in those decorations in which an admirable lightness and grace of invention and execution lift his work to an almost unequalled height. Mr. Alden Weir, on the contrary, seems to be still seeking; no one has experimented more or brought more courage or technical skill to his essays in various techniques, movements, motifs, and inspirations,—in the saner ones, he has nearly always succeeded, and any subject, however homely, will

generally furnish him with a beautiful painting, a New England factory village, a hill-side clearing with men and oxen taking their noonday repose, the cutting of ice on the frozen rivers, a young girl before her mirror. But no one is much troubled, or elevated, or depressed, or inspired, before these good paintings.

That distinctively American note in painting, for which there is supposed to be such a demand, will probably be found in Winslow Homer's work by most of the commentators, and, indeed, in the strenuousness, in the forcefulness and originality of his work, are represented some of the many "American" qualities. The strong studies of the stormy and rocky Maine coast of his later years constitute but a small portion of his artistic production, but may be taken as a very fair representation of the whole, in which the earnest effort to render the sentiment, the spirit, the message, of the scene, landscape, or figure group, is supplemented by a most virile technique,—so virile that it is with a sentiment of surprise that the spectator occasionally perceives the tenderness and beauty of the color, as on his moonlit seas. Among these elders, still to be reckoned with as more important than most of the youngers, are such different personalities as Mr. Whistler and Mr. Eastman Johnson,—the former redeeming his mastery in the gentle art of making enemies by his talent, and the latter still displaying the vigor, the versatility, the skill in good painting, which long ago earned him honorable renown. In the great art of landscape-painting, in which each nation claims the preëminence for itself, the great name in the American school is still that of Mr. Inness,—and to any one who has traversed the long corridors of the Centennale exhibition of French art in the Exposition of 1900 and been struck with the general blackening of the immortal canvases of "the school of 1830," it would seem that the truthfulness of rendering, the beauty of tone and color which glows in his canvases, would ere long remain as the most representative example of the best landscape art of the last generation. While the figure-pieces of the great

contemporary French painters crack in the shadows, the landscapes of their immediate predecessors darken to a notable extent. It is greatly to be hoped that no such fate will overtake the canvases of the American painter, and his habit of painting over and retouching indefinitely is not generally considered to be conducive to longevity.

Even the foreigner recognizes frankly the superiority of these artists,—after he has made his little observation to the effect that nothing in the contemporary American art, either in the form or the spirit, bears any evidence of a special race or national individuality. It would be difficult to translate literally without falling into bathos some of the pretty things said by the French critics, for example, of these pictures which they most admire. The *Sunny Autumn Day* of Inness, at the Paris Exposition, is declared by M. Auguste Marguillier, in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, to be *plein de magnificence*; the canvases of Wyant, “*d’aspect à la fois féerique et vrai dans leur composition et leur couleur (son paysage lunaire est d’une poésie rêveuse tout à fait exquise)*”. The landscapes of the late Homer Martin are almost equally appreciated,—it is probably to be taken as an indication of the general diffusion of at least some measure of culture that these canvases in which there is a message, a sentiment, an expression of poetry and sympathy and imagination allied to the rendering of the beauty of color and atmospheric tone, have quite displaced on the walls of the temple of contemporary Fame the comparatively unspiritual and unsympathetic ones, of Kensett, for example. The younger landscape-painters divide themselves also, somewhat, into these two classes, though the distinctions run together,—there is apparently a method of rendering an aspect of nature with such admirable approximate truth of both detail and ensemble that the sentiment of the original is conveyed in a degree by the copy, possibly without the painter being conscious of it, or, at least, having more than a sub-consciousness, somewhat as the sentiment of the written page may be conveyed by the printed one without the compositor having any comprehension of it. This is, however, not positive.

There are purely imaginative painters, so to speak, such as Mr. Dewey, and Mr. Dearth, and Mr. Murphy, Mr. Alfred Ryder, Mr. Richard Newman, and Mr. Blakelock, who transpose the natural features and recreate,—or, rather, amplify the suggestion of the original scene; there are a great many, Messrs. Tryon, Swain Gifford, Horatio Walker, J. Noble Barlow, Ochtman, Clark, Isham, Minor, Schofield, and others, who do not take any such complete liberties with the general features and arrangement of their scenes, but render their effect by skilful transpositions and modifications. Then there are, still speaking generally, the literal landscape-painters, who camp themselves before the particular scene that appeals to them, and paint it as “true” (to use the excellent painter’s word) as they know how,—Messrs. Chase, Bolton Jones, Picknell, MacIlhenny, Metcalf, Palmer, Ranger, Rehn, Ruger Donoho, Howard Russell Butler, Crane, and Coffin. About half-way between these last two come an equal number,—Alexander Harrison, the two Eatons, Davis, Dessar, Platt, Redfield, Foster, Kost, and Van der Weyden. Of the remnants of the Impressionistic school, there may be mentioned the late Theodore Robinson, Childe Hassam, and August Franzen, all of them figure-painters as well, and none of them—at least in their best work—extremists. None of all these, even of the most literal, are mere cataloguers of scenery; all of them are good landscape-painters, which means that they are all conscious of something of the mystery of Nature, even in her most familiar scenes, by land or by sea.

Many of them are, in fact, marine-painters as well,—Alexander Harrison, who has devoted his talent of late years largely to the rendering of that almost unpaintable thing, the sea breaking in long, smooth curves upon a shelving beach; Mr. Ryder, who has rendered that other sea upon which the Flying Dutchman rides; Newman, Rehn, Butler, and others. Of those who are marine-painters first, some prefer it with human associations, boats and ships, and shores of not too distant land, Bohm, Chapman, Fromuth, Koopman, Snell, and Walden; the last two

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frequently with the added mystery and charm of the night. Many of Mr. Snell's sea-nocturnes, in water-color and oil, are very beautiful and mysterious in color, and rendered with a delicate artistic feeling. Others, as Messrs. Woodbury and Bogert, find the charm of the ocean in its solitude,—and, indeed, there is much to be said in favor of the simpler and more poetic presentation of nature, on sea and shore, quite alone



and aloof and remote; with no disturbing little human machines put in to eke out the composition and the painter's insufficient means of expression. Mr. Chapman is entitled to the distinction of being one of the very few American historical painters, his mission being to record the great naval victories of the early years of the Republic, and occasionally some of the later ones, which he does with a very good technical equipment, both as historian and painter.

As in other countries, the most distinguished American painters are generally portrait-painters, some of them exclusively so, as Miss Cecilia Beaux, one of the most distinguished of them all. Mr. Chase ranges from portraits to landscapes, genre, and still-life,—some of his most brilliant canvases have been presentations of fish, brass pots, and other furnishings. Mr. Alexander—possibly somewhat too much determined to restrict himself to a certain technique, in which a certain gray tonality and a very rough-grained canvas play an important part—not only varies his portrait figures through a very wide range of expression, decorative, symbolical, and austere, but also frequently adopts the decorative motif frankly, and paints *Yellow Dresses*, *Blue Bowls*, and *Black Cats*, extremely unconventional in pose and composition, and original in color and quality. Nearly all the better-known men of the “Franco-Americans,” Gari-Melchers, Sprague Pearce, MacEwen, Dannat, Gay, Story, Bridgman, and also Mlle. Lee-Robbins, are well known by their portrait work; at home, Messrs. Vinton and Porter, we believe, long disputed the honors in Boston, and are now partially replaced by such talented representatives of the modern tendencies as Mrs. Sarah Sears, Wilton Lockwood, and Marcia Woodbury; in New York, Messrs. Chase, Dewing, Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Cox, Beckwith, Fowler, Butler, Hyde, Rice, Wiles, and the others, have seen their field invaded of late years by foreigners, Madrazo, Benjamin-Constant, Carolus-Duran, Chartran, Boldini, Gandara, generally imported by the foreign art dealers at very liberal commissions. One of the most distinguished of the American portrait-painters is Mr. George Butler, who seems to have lately abandoned the practice of his art. Among the most successful of those who work in pastel is Mr. Champney; and one of the most successful of the younger miniature-painters is his daughter, Miss Marie Champney, who varies the monotony of these minute renderings of heads by beautiful little figures in Japanese and other costumes. A very respectable school of miniature-painters has developed in New York City within the last

few years, and this most difficult art has experienced something like an encouraging revival. Mr. Baer carries into it a greater richness and vehemence of color; Miss Fuller paints in appropriately pretty pale-ivory tones, and both of them render full-length figures and little genre and decorative subjects; there are also Messrs. Josephi, Weidner, and Whittemore, and Mesdames and Mesdemoiselles Baxter, Beckington, Carroll, Hills, Spicer-Simson, Strafer, Taylor, Teasdel, Thayer, and probably others. It may be mentioned here that the Pastel Club, or Pastel Society, founded a number of years ago in this city, and which gave three or four very interesting little exhibitions, died and departed for want of popular support.

The number of portrait-painters living and practising in various parts of the country is too large to be definitely known; only a very few of them elected to be represented at the Paris Exposition. Among these may be mentioned Mr. F. D. Marsh, who paints his handsome sitter trundling her handsome red gown through pleasant green fields; Mr. Rolshoven, who has found an excellent method of keeping his small one quiet by tricking her up in her grandmother's antiquated finery, and Mr. Vonnoh, whose portraits are *remarquables par leur virtuosité*, says a competent French critic. But it would require a very intimate knowledge of the work of all the painters to distinguish all those who thus accept sitters from those who never do. Among the elders is J. G. Brown, famous rather for his bootblacks; and S. J. Guy, who should be famous for his pleasant and beautifully rendered lamp-lit interiors, better painted than the famous candle pictures of the German and Dutch schools. George W. Maynard, a much younger man, varies the exigencies of his mural decorations with studies of summer seas in which the mermaidens come to the surface to see the galleons go by; Mr. Mowbray, younger still, also a decorator, as are most of the good figure-painters nowadays, long found delight in rendering scenes from the Orient and from Fable that probably never were, but should have

been; Mr. Blashfield, the painter of monumental ceilings and domes, and also of delicate panels and piano-sides, has also explored Jerusalem and Madagascar, the Isles of the Ocean, Rome, Cathay, Egypt, and No Man's Land. Great are the privileges of these travellers who thus see both the seen and the unseen.

Mr. Frank Millet lives in England, when he is not war correspondent in Turkey or Cuba or Manila, or superintending the details of Universal Expositions in Chicago or Paris, or acting as supervising architect and landscape-gardener in other parts of the world, and incidentally paints pictures, one of which was purchased by the Chantrey bequest, at the R. A., and many of which are such finished, scholarly, and mellow renderings of genre, more or less historical in their air, that they bear every mark of a studious, cultured, and most abundant leisure. Exactly how this is accomplished, is not stated. Edwin Lord Weeks and Mr. Bridgman are best known by their Oriental canvases, from ancient Egypt to modern India, very dissimilar in their methods and renderings,—the latter with a much wider range and a more lively imagination, the former not supplementing his good technique with sufficient originality and inspiration. Among those who have been to Japan are Messrs. Humphrey Moore, Weldon and Blum, both the latter also decorators of good repute;—it would appear that there is beginning to be manifest a certain small reaction against the æsthetic enthusiasms for all things Japanese of a few years ago, in spite of the example and the clever and well-painted canvases of these artists. George Hitchcock devotes himself to the tulip fields of Holland; among the other Europeans are Messrs. Humphreys Johnston, Julius L. Stewart, Eugene Vail, and Ridgway Knight, of which only one, the last-named, habitually dwells in the commonplace. Mr. Vail paints Brittany scenes; like Mr. Dearth, he sees these familiar villages, landscapes, and folk through a glass, darkly, as though the tragedy of Nature, the gloom, the uncertainty of it all, were the themes to render, and not those which the tourist sees. This is one of the tendencies of

Myself with my 3 children



modern art, exemplified strongly in the French school,—a mental depression, apparently, which may be either an intense sympathy with the heavy burdens, or a cynical and satiric contemplation of human weakness. The American painters have not yet gotten to be contemptuous; perhaps they would be unable to give any definite reason for the faith that is in them, excepting purely technical ones.

Mr. Johnston's paintings are also "low-toned," mostly, but from other motives. A pupil of La Farge, he early gave signs of some of that artist's ability in rendering rich and solid color; in Spanish and Moorish gardens and under the midnight sun of the North Cape he has searched for that mystery and beauty which are tempered without being doubting, and he has been able to render much of them not only in those earthly landscapes,—sometimes with a very mystical air,—but also in his portrait studies. Mr. Stewart, on the contrary, is frankly worldly and cheerful; after having achieved a very comfortable success as the painter of "society," he has, for the last few years, apparently devoted himself to the familiar painter's problem of rendering flesh in the open air. His success has been undeniable as far as color and lighting go, but his models remain uninteresting, and might certainly be better drawn. A newer comer in the field is H. O. Tanner, the first of his race since Murillo's somewhat apocryphal negro pupil to achieve such distinction in his art. His *Raising of Lazarus*, a large and important painting, was purchased by the French Government, and is in the Luxembourg; a later canvas, with an equally hackneyed subject, Daniel in the pit with the lions, is treated with an even greater originality and ability. From his work to that of Thomas Eakins, of Philadelphia, is a very long jump, and one that may serve to demonstrate the futility of the assertion that the contemporary American school shows good technical powers and lacks all individuality. It is said that Gérôme pronounced Mr. Eakins to be one of the strongest of his pupils; it is probable that he never had one with a more scientific turn of mind. Generally, the science is not too

demonstrative; and there is evident a distinct effort to express as well the meaning, or the large aspect, of the incident. That these works are not lovely, is of not very much import; but they do sometimes appear to lack in interest. Howard Pyle graduated from the ranks of the illustrators, and he has preserved a very distinguished ability as a draftsman while acquiring a very good equipment as a painter; farther north, Messrs. Tarbell and Benson range through such wide fields that it is difficult to sum them up in a few lines, but it may be said that they possess much of the best of the modern baggage,—good color, full



L. J. BENSON. HEAD OF A CHEYENNE

brushes, courage and invention, and generally decorative feeling and sufficient refinement. Mr. Benson's studies of figures in sunshine are very luminous and rich in color. Mr. Sterner and Mr. Herter, of New York, are somewhat more purely decorative and imaginative in tendency, and smoother and more detailed in their rendering; Francis Lathrop, C. Y. Turner, and Robert Reid, with a bolder touch, are among the most distinguished mural decorators; and the list of designers, many of whom are also painters, is too long to

be given in these crowded pages,—commencing with Gibson, Frost, Pyle, Pennell, Smedley, Henry MacCarter, Maxfield Parrish, Clinedinst, the late C. S. Reinhart, and others.

At the Paris Exposition, there is a general representation of these artists, painters, sculptors, and designers,—the display of the draftsmen in black and white being necessarily limited, but generally well selected, and attracting a fair share of popular attention. One of these designs, hung on the line on the outside corridor and particularly well adapted both by its location and its character to catch the popular eye, has been probably seen and remembered by as many visitors as any other work of art in the buildings,—this is Mr. Frost's spirited representation of the emotion of two bicyclists who have just collided with each other and who scowl furiously at each other over their wrecked machines whilst one clutches frantically his disabled arm and the other his damaged leg! Art presents occasionally these triumphs of the grotesque over the sublime. The American school of etching is not represented,—Mr. Pennell's clever sketches of buildings and street scenes, with much adroit use of outline, ceasing to be very interesting when once thoroughly familiar, and indeed the American school of etching has experienced adversity. A number of years ago, ten or fifteen, there was a genuine prosperity,—the dealers, representing the general intelligent public, gave commissions and made purchases freely, both original and reproductive work were in demand, and the range covered by the inventive and the industrious artists was very wide. But the demand suddenly fell off, the artists abandoned, perforce, their coppers and their needles and returned to their brushes or their crayons, fortified in that belief which is still held in many ateliers at the present day, but which never gets into public print,—that the American public does not really care for the national art. But of the general, comprehensive representation of this art at the Exposition, there has been much denial in the course of the summer, and not without reason; the number of representative painters

who have not exhibited at all is too large, and the inadequacy of the display of some of those who do appear, as Mr. La Farge, is too striking. But these omissions and shortcomings are inevitable in these great international gatherings.

It would be easy to multiply instances, not only of names but of tendencies, manifestations, individual developments, which are absent both from the Exposition walls and from the foregoing summary. One of the most worthy of these is that of Mr. Vedder, still foremost among those of the mural decorators who built up their themes with grave intellectual care, with a serious concern for philosophical expression, and who distinguished himself years ago by easel paintings of no great size but of curious and excellent imaginative power,—the *Lost Mind*, the *Lair of the Sea Serpent*, the *Roc's Egg*. Then there is Mr. Boughton, long domiciled in England but well known in his native land, somewhat unduly given to the production of eminently popular paintings, not to say “genteel,” and to various small mannerisms, but redeeming himself from time to time with canvases of greater breadth and power, and who has lately surprised the London exhibitions with entirely new themes, more delicate and graceful and refined. These are single figures, generally of young maids, in landscapes, “delightful pieces of fancy,” the *Evening Hymn*, *A Song of Spring*, *By the Dark Waters of Forgetfulness*. Very different from both of these is Mr. Horatio Walker, who may be taken as a type of the painter *per se*, and who first attracted attention by his small studies in water-colors and oil, of pigs and pig-pens. This indifference to subject and strong concern for beauty and harmony of color and tone, so characteristic of many of his compatriots, still characterize the work of this painter. Mr. Henry Walker has a graver tone, a more limited range of color, and a much wider range of subject inspiration, being one of the decorative painters. Quite different, again, was the work of William Hamilton Gibson, naturalist and artist,—and the combination is sufficiently rare, for the one generally kills the other.

In this truly admirable and most useful talent, however, they thrived side by side; and even as artist there were difficulties to overcome, but, in this case, the interest in exceeding detail did not interfere too greatly with the ability to appreciate and to render the whole. The generally unregarded minutiae and odd corners of Nature have seldom found a more skilful and appreciative historian and delineator than this artist, unfortunately removed before his time.

In all these, the art is without local color and knows no geographical boundaries, but the characteristic American accent is evident enough in other canvases,—in the few, but very spirited, military pictures by Gilbert Gaul; in the strong studies of very black Southern negroes, and Federals and Confederates, by Winslow Homer, during the civil war; in



J.M.W. TURNER. A NEW LAY ON
Lent by the Carnegie Institute

other studies of negroes, and of frontier life, by Thomas Hovenden; in many genre paintings in which the peculiar domesticity of the interiors, not to be mistaken for that of any other country, is occasionally very neatly rendered, by Frank Jones, Mr. Guy, Mr. Chase, and two or three others of the artists previously mentioned; in very characteristic and dramatic and picturesque scenes in the mining towns and on the arid plains of the West, by two or three painters and draftsmen of whom Mr. Remington may be taken as the representative. Occasionally the ladies contribute in this line, as in one or two excellent water-colors by Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls inspired by Hawthorne, but in general, as among the men, the conception and the execution might be those of a good painter anywhere without regard to nationality, even when the subject presented is American. Many of these ladies paint portraits, Miss Beaux and Mrs. Sears, already mentioned, Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood; Mrs. Dewey, the wife of the landscape-painter; Mrs. C. R. Lamb; Miss Slade; Miss Clara MacChesney; nearly all of them paint flowers, and landscapes, and mothers and babies, naturally, and in some cases uncommonly well. Mrs. MacMonnies, the wife of the sculptor; Mrs. Prelwitz, the wife of the painter; Miss Katherine Abbot, must also be included among these good painters, measured by the same standard that is applied to the men. One of the latest developments of "the art movement" in the United States is the inauguration, and very rapid development, of an Arts Club, situated in New York City and open to artists and art lovers, men and women, throughout the country.

The once famous school of American wood-engravers has suffered cruelly from the inroads of the new processes of engraving,—though even for some of these the finishing touch of the burin is necessary; driven out of the merely commercial field, the few of the most distinguished that still practise the art have abandoned the old theories, of "white lines on black," etc., and work frankly for tone and color, very



frequently with a fineness and beauty of line that give the effect of brush-work, and that have the disadvantage of requiring infinite care in the printing.

In addition to the very numerous awards and prizes, medals, purses, etc., distributed in the various annual exhibitions (not to mention those in the innumerable art schools),—three or four at the Spring exhibition of the New York Academy, one or two at the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists, four, including a gold medal, at that of the Pennsylvania Academy, etc.,—the growth of a national art has been encouraged by a very serious attempt made within the last few years to establish an American school at Rome, in emulation of that of the Villa Medici, and notwithstanding the criticism which the French have been so freely bestowing upon their own Prix de Rome institution. Very thorough and careful competitive examinations, under the supervision of eminent artists and architects, have been held in New York and Boston, and were proposed for other cities, and five or six young men, painters, sculptors, and architects, passing these examinations, have been sent to the Eternal City and located in the American Academy in the Villa dell' Aurora, upon the Pincian Hill. It is hoped to supplement these with a scholarship for the study of music. This important movement was inaugurated in 1895 by a committee composed of representatives of the American School of Architecture in Rome, the National Society of Sculptors, and the Society of Mural Painters; but, unlike the French Academy, the financial support of the institution is derived from private sources, and it is probably too early as yet to prognosticate concerning its future.

At the Paris Exposition of 1900, the varied exhibits of the island of Cuba appear in the official catalogues as those of one of the "colonies" of the United States. The fine arts exhibit, very small in quantity, was yet interesting in quality,—the paintings, very nearly all landscapes and portraits, generally exhibited that timidity and slatiness of color so common with inexperienced artists. To this, there were some exceptions,

as in the canvases of Armando Menochal, Professor of Fine Arts in the Havana Academy, and Leopoldo Romanach, the former of whom received an Honorable Mention, and the latter a bronze medal. Señor Menochal's portraits, nearly all small in size, and executed with great care, give the figure and character of the sitter very convincingly, and in a pleasant warm color; Señor Romanach's portraits and landscapes, executed with a larger touch and also with character and expression, vary through somewhat cooler tones.



ARMANDO MENOCHAL



GREAT BRITAIN

The British school of contemporary art claims for itself, as its distinguishing quality, the very laudable one of honesty of purpose, of sincerity, of conscientiousness. It is sometimes admitted that in certain matters of technique (and it might be admitted more freely) this school, especially in painting, falls behind certain others,—notably the French; that there is a tangible lack of craftsmanship and ideas, of originality and selectiveness; it is asserted cheerfully that sensational

methods and works are practically unknown, and that Mr. Whistler (who is American-born) is the only "coxcomb" who will "fling a paint-pot in the face of the public." These claims are generally allowed by the more enlightened and tolerant of the foreign commentators,—the British artists are given credit for loftiness of conception and reverence in execution, for a striving for honest workmanship and an indifference as to whether the spectator is startled or amused or shocked, or not. The French critics have been peculiarly impressed with the definiteness of the English school, its freedom from foreign influence. But this French, or otherwise intelligent cosmopolitan, critic will probably be somewhat surprised to learn that this revolt of naturalism against convention and of sincerity against affectation, is all, or largely, due to the pre-Raphaelite movement of half a century ago, "that splendid and daring rebellion which has exercised so great an influence on the painting of the world." Its accompaniment of "hysterics," on the part of the public and the critics, is to be disregarded as inessential; these reformers were not long-haired, wild-eyed enthusiasts, "the least bit crazy and very difficult to manage," in the words of Ruskin himself, reformers who threw over one set of formulas and conventions only to take up with another, but "extremely earnest, healthy, hungry, hard-up young men—with Ruskin as a firm Prince Bountiful." Their influence, that of the "deliberate in art," is considered to be very manifest among the younger and youngest British painters of to-day,—though it is admitted that something may be due to the natural reaction against the extravagances of Impressionism.

In certain minor qualities this school bears a natural, human, resemblance to others. The first of these is a very familiar want of consideration for contemporaries and rivals, and a great freedom of speech concerning them. "Is it chance or design," asks an indignant critic in the R. A. exhibition of 1898, "that places the appalling portrait by M. Benjamin-Constant upon the line, and that honors the inferior work of M. Carolus-Duran with scores of square feet in the centre of panels?"



JOSEPH M. W. TURNER

THE NORE

Loaned by Mr. George J. Gould

PHOTOGRAVURE



called to the fact that in no capital in the world are there so many art exhibitions held in the course of the year as in London, and that in but very few can there be found so high a standard of average excellence. Not even the French can do this in their own capital, "they, even with their single exhibitions a year, cannot fill their galleries with works of serious art, deliberately conceived and sincerely executed." These, as it will be perceived, are sweeping statements, and are not to be accepted too literally. The number of art exhibitions open in London in recognized galleries at one time is very considerable,—in April, 1900, for example, there was the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colors,—the Society of Miniaturists in the same galleries, the Dudley Gallery Art Society, the International Society of Women Artists at the Grafton Gallery, and in the same rooms the Ridley Art Club, the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, the London Sketch Club, the spring exhibition at the Goupil Gallery, an exhibition of the Fine Arts Society and one of drawings at the Continental Gallery. The annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy at Burlington House, opening in May, are the great events in these art annals; but the exact status of this supreme institution, strange to say, is not yet definitely determined. On the one hand, it is accepted as a national institution for the development of the national art and the encouragement of its living artists,—a mission which it is prevented from filling in a comprehensive manner by the inadequacy in size of its galleries, capable of hanging only some two thousand paintings of the fifteen thousand annually submitted. On the contrary, it is denied that these public functions appertain to the Academy at all, that it is any other than a private society, which, as it happens to have more wall space than its own members can fill, is willing to accept for exhibition with their works a limited number of others from strangers which, however, it is well understood, must not depart too widely from those particular methods which the Academicians consider the correct ones. As the institution really halts between these two opinions, without



definitely adopting either, it happens that its compromise meets with the usual fate of compromises,—it neither completely represents nor sufficiently develops the current art movement, and as a private exhibition it is at once too large and too limited in range.

Its annual displays are, however, generally considered to represent the temporary elevations and depressions in this contemporary art. Thus, in 1898, it seemed to have completely recovered from the recent loss of its two Presidents, Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais, and to be full of inspiration, of sparkle and life. In the following year, all this had disappeared and been replaced by a listlessness and barrenness of effort for which various reasons were sought and satisfactory ones not found. Concerning the exhibition of the present year, 1900, opinions seem to differ,—the more official and dignified critics maintain that it is “a good Academy,” and that this happy result has been brought about more largely by the successes of the members than by those of the outside artists; the more independent and irresponsible observers are of the opinion, that, with the exception of a very few important works, the exhibition indicates a depressing state of English Art. The grave national crisis through which the people have just passed might very readily be accepted as a sufficient cause for this downward movement; and the unlucky artists, conscious of having completely lost for the moment, in the clash of arms, the attention of their audiences, are, in addition, required to read such specimens of art-criticism as this, from a contemporary magazine: “. . . none can say with truth that their work as a whole has seemed anything but trivial in comparison with the stern manliness of temper called forth by the war and its anxieties. Indeed, many people now perceive, for the first time, that artists seldom feel called upon to show a deep sympathy for the immense drama of actual life. Some, as though afraid of human realities, try to live fastidiously ‘in an isle of dreams;’ while many of those who do profess to be realists seem much too sentimental, too boudoir-like and epicene,

when their realism is contrasted with that, say, of Fielding's 'Tom Jones.' The truth is, they have for a long time been debilitated by their excessive fondness for delicacy of sentiment, as if that alone were the divinely-appointed end of art."

Sometimes, however, this failure of effort, or of success, on the part of the artists is laid boldly at the door of the indifferent public which, it is averred, as in 1899, altogether neglects to offer that encouragement which had previously brought English art to such a high degree of development. Without any prospect of appreciation or of sales, the painter or sculptor has but little incentive to produce important works involving the outlay of much talent, effort, hard labor, and pecuniary capital. Even in the Academy, the painters of figure-subjects, especially of those of present-day interest,—contrary to the general impression,—sometimes almost completely refrain from exhibiting, as in this same year 1899. These deserting artists are bidden to consider the examples of their neighbors across the Channel, who each year fill the Salons with records for the future historian of the daily life of the end of the nineteenth century in pretty much all its details, ignoble and otherwise. This absence of encouragement has been particularly hard on the sculptors, and their art has suffered accordingly, but of recent years a marked change has been noticed, and it is considered that British sculpture has now become one of the most active of modern artistic influences, with ample promise for the future. In it, nowadays, "poetry and art take the place of what was in too great a measure mere neo-classic bombast." In the popular appreciation, and in the Royal Academy galleries, this art, however, finds its domain somewhat infringed upon by the new developments of the old methods of combining various marbles together for decorative work, or marble and bronze, and in works in ivories, enamels, onyx, etc. The *biblot* and the *objet d'art* sometimes crowd out the more imposing architectural and monumental works in sculpture.

One of the provinces of Academies of Art is to invite rebellion at certain times and seasons, and the directors of Burlington House have not been wanting in their duties in this respect. Out of the opposition to the conservatism and intolerance of the R.A., its "stone-wall indifference to the newer ideals and newer methods of expression," was organized the Grosvenor Gallery, with Mr. Burne-Jones for leading spirit, and it was hailed as the new revivifying force that was to uplift British art to a higher level than ever. But in course of time disintegrating influences appeared there, and the opposition was transferred to the New Gallery, still with Mr. Burne-Jones as instigator, declaring that rebellion was the breath of living art and that he was, himself, above all things a



J. B. COOPER. MIDDAY REST

rebel. The extent to which we may be deceived in diagnosing our own cases is well illustrated by this proclamation in the mouth of so distinguished an artist who ultimately fell so completely under the domination

of his own formulas and conventions. The new institution in course of time followed the example of the Grosvenor, "mistakes were made, and the movement was in a measure countered by the influence of Lord Leighton, by whose enlightened views and shrewd conception of policy the New Gallery was outplayed at its own game. Mr. Sargent was honored at the Academy, both on its own walls and its own roll and on the walls as well of the Chantrey Collection. Burne-Jones was also elected; and though he was not actually detached from his own friends, he ceased to be an opponent by virtue of an election which he had done nothing to court. Furthermore, the New Gallery was taken in flank by the new English Art Club, the closest English prototype of the Salon des Indépendants, where the very latest novelty, the very newest eccentricity, was not only hung, but placed with a sincerity of respect that was never pretended to in, say, the exhibition of the Incohérents in Paris. Had the New Gallery laid itself out to secure the sanest and the most plausible of these works, it is likely that its vogue might have continued unabated, and that even now it might be the very *atrium* of the progressives, if not of the anarchists, of art. But the main blunder had already been committed. The 'Consulting Committee,' which had been formed at the outset in order that a certain measure of distinguished artistic support might be at once secured, effectually set a term to any scheme for displaying the more modern forms of experimental methods of color or technique. Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. J. W. North, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. G. F. Watts, and Sir William Richmond may be as open-minded and magnanimous as you please; but their united names upon the committee was no guarantee that Academical views would not prevail. So the New Gallery has gradually lost the character with which in the minds of the public it was originally endowed, and in that which now prevails there is little to differentiate it or its exhibitions from what we annually see at Burlington House. Even by its system of invitation to artists, it is not entirely protected from the



introduction of certain works of a quality as low as that which may be met with at the Academy. . . .”

As good work as that seen at the Academy, it might be added, may also be found in this gallery, and frequently by the same men, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Shannon, the portraits of Sir George Reid, and others. The various tendencies to which contemporary British art is most given are here very generally represented, the purely moral, art for art's sake, impressionism—in its better meaning of a vivid realization of the actual without extreme exaggerations and omissions. The introduction into England of the *plein-art* school of France, it is agreed, was due to the little group of painters who formed “the Newlyn School,” and the names of the original members of which have been preserved, to engrave in the annals of this art by the side of the original pre-Raphaelites of 1851,—Dante Gabriel Rossetti, W. Holman Hunt, J. E. Millais and their friends, with Ford Madox Brown as an active sympathizer. The original Newlynites are somewhat less widely known,—E. Harris, Walter Langley, R. Todd, L. Suthers, Fred Hall, Frank Bramley, T. C. Gotch, Percy Craft, Stanhope Forbes; H. Detmold and Chevalier Tayler; Miss Armstrong (Mrs. Stanhope Forbes), F. Bourdillon; W. Fortescue and Norman Garstin. English landscape art has so many fine qualities, of sympathy with nature, breadth of conception, knowledge of the subject and general breadth and style of composition, that this introduction of good technical painting, of sense of color and atmosphere and tone, in which it is so frequently lacking, was most valuable and desirable.

This landscape art also received a very considerable enlightening impulse from the “Glasgow School” of painters, which found a foster-mother in the Glasgow Institute, founded about 1861,—their somewhat exuberant and unconventional works being here received when all other galleries were closed against them. To-day, several of these reformers, somewhat modified by years and experience, have become

respected members of the Royal Scottish Academy, and exhibit their paintings more usually in the capital,—Messrs. Guthrie, Lavery, Walton, and Henry. The Glasgow Institute, which in 1897 became the Royal Glasgow Institute by gracious permission of Her Majesty, was founded with the object of diffusing “among all classes a taste for art generally, and more especially for contemporary art;” and in this it succeeded so well that to its members is ascribed the honor of having “educated” the Town Council of Glasgow “into a body with as strong art sympathies as were possessed by Venetian or Dutch corporations of the olden time.” This feeling has manifested itself not only in the purchase of individual pictures of note for the Corporation galleries, but in their recently laying upon the city the responsibility of building a magnificent new art gallery and museum, which is estimated to cost not far short of £200,000.

In the provinces of decorative and applied art, there is also a Glasgow school of designers and artificers, who see things very differently from William Morris and Walter Crane,—with a more northern, simple, expressive, somewhat barbaric, sense in which there is no trace of the Gothic influence. “Their *repoussé* work in copper, their furniture, their posters, their book illustrations, their embroideries, testify to modes of thought all the more difficult to characterize as they are newer and more original,” says a French commentator, M. Gabriel Mourey. Much of this originality and strength, it is thought, is derived from the artist who is director of the Glasgow School of Art, a workshop as well as a school, and which—judging by the results of the national competition which takes place annually among the Schools of Art of the United Kingdom—stands first among them all, it is claimed.

The annual exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy have been greatly strengthened within the last two or three years by the fusion of the East and West county artists, the latter furnishing the greatest freshness and vigor by which their somewhat more conservative brethren



benefited, and the extreme methods of the Glasgow school being modified by contact with the academic traditions of Edinburgh. Although every artist of importance north of the Tweed frequently contributes to these exhibitions, it has never been the custom of the Academy to abstain from soliciting loans of important works from abroad. The National Gallery of Scotland contains a valuable collection of paintings by Italian and Flemish artists of the times of the Renaissance and by masters of the early English school; this collection having been thoroughly overhauled and reclassified three years ago by a committee of which Sir George Reid, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, was chairman, and over one hundred paintings withdrawn. The remainder were recleaned and rehung, and the building itself received important repairs and new interior decoration. The Royal Hibernian Academy also, in the succeeding year, 1898, distinguished its sixty-ninth annual exhibition by the best display it had made in fifteen or twenty years, it was considered, one marked by the presence of several works by the more distinguished English and Continental painters,—Messrs. Benjamin-Constant, Sargent, Orchardson, Briton Riviere, Swan, and others. Dublin boasts also of the exhibitions of the Arts and Crafts Society of Ireland, which was instituted five years ago on the initiative of the Earl of Mayo, with the object of raising the standard of Irish industrial and artistic workmanship and design. Rather curiously, these exhibitions seem to demonstrate on the part of the native craftsman a much greater disposition to follow well-worn methods and conventions and much less disposition to seek, or to invent, the new and the strange, than his English rival and fellow-artist displays.

In London, the great collection of the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square,—though not one of the largest, yet one of the most important and best classified in Europe,—has been supplemented by Sir Henry Tate's munificent donation to the nation of the National Gallery of British Art, inaugurated July 21, 1897. To the seven original galleries of this British Luxembourg were added last year more than that number, the new

wings being formally opened only a few days before the death of the donor. The nucleus of the collection was furnished by the sixty-five pictures from his own private gallery, to these were added seventy-three from the Chantrey bequest, ninety-eight from the National Gallery, and finally fifteen of his own works presented to the State by Mr. G. F. Watts. The building stands on the site of the old Millbank prison, and was erected from the designs of Mr. Sidney R. J. Smith, architect, in a style



RICHARD JACK PORTRAIT

that is defined as neo-classic and which has escaped with the usual popular criticism of important public monuments. The interior disposition of the galleries and courts, the lighting arrangements, are, however, excellent, and, as the donor had provided a fund for the maintenance of this institution, it is hoped that all the most worthy expressions of English art, paintings, sculpture, designs, engravings, and the various *objets d'art*, miniatures, enamels, porcelain, glass, carvings, etc., may here find a permanent home.

One of the most important works in monumental decoration undertaken in our day is that of Saint Paul's Cathedral, by Sir Wm. B. Richmond, R.A., and from the results obtained

by this enterprise this distinguished artist has been moved to declare, in a very recent discourse, April, 1900, his firm belief in the capacity of the English people for art. He had recently visited the technical schools of Berlin, which had been established longer than any British ones, and while he found, perhaps, more finished execution in the work produced, due to longer training, he was convinced that in original design the English more than held their own. When the decoration of the vast wall-spaces of the cathedral was resolved upon, it was recognized that to the very difficult task of devising a complete and harmonious decorative scheme must be added that of working out the complicated scheme of practical execution. It was decided, very judiciously, that only in mosaic could permanent decorations of a satisfactory nature be executed in a building like the cathedral, set in the midst of the grime and obscurity of London. Even the common pictorial mosaic, which aims to reproduce natural forms too closely, could not be accepted for this purpose, and the artist resolved to have recourse to the more primitive and less laborious Byzantine methods as at once more spirited, more purely decorative, and better adapted to architectural setting. But in this particular art there were no trained British workmen, and Sir William had determined that the work should be executed by none other. Disregarding the advice of his friends, to import Venetian workmen, he commenced with two workers in glass mosaic, whom he carefully trained in the processes he wished to employ, and to these were added a few others from time to time. So unknown was this art in England that all the mechanical details, the best shape for the tesserae, the proper cement with which to attach them to the wall, and all the complicated and constantly shifting problem of the best methods to secure the desired effect of color, in various conditions and according to the accident of lighting,—all these had to be solved by practical observation and many experiments. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the work had been carried out, the fifteen to eighteen thousand square feet of the decoration had all been executed by his native

workmen, and the general result has been accepted by some authorities as eminently satisfactory. So that, Sir William, in concluding his discourse, considered that he had abundantly demonstrated his thesis, that the English are, *au fond*, an artistic race.

Unfortunately, his own work, as it approaches completion, has evoked much unfavorable comment, the first public utterance upon the subject from an artistic body being that of the Art Union of London, through the mouth of its president, the Marquis of Lothian, a member of the Saint Paul's Committee. His criticism was mainly directed at the stencilled pattern on the arches as "only suitable for embroidery; but it would be removed." Needless to say, Sir William makes a sturdy defence of his work. In this connection, Lord Lothian revived the oft-discussed proposition to establish some sort of official censor, or minister of the fine arts, to preserve the public from tasteless public monuments or from desecration of those already existing,—his own remedy being an expert Parliamentary Committee, or some other form of Governmental control. But to adopt this measure, as has been pointed out, is to invite upon the land the blight of the official *arbiter elegantiarum*.

Something of the kind would, however, seem to be occasionally desirable, if we may judge by the fierce denunciations of the taste of the vestries and other municipal bodies which constantly appear in the public prints,—and which would seem to dispute Sir William Richmond's statement that the English are by nature intrinsically an artistic race. In one of the latest numbers of the *Magazine of Art*, the editor thus states the facts concerning the recent type of electric lamp-posts adopted and erected by the Vestry of Saint Martin's: "Nothing more hideous in its abject tastelessness has ever been inflicted upon long-suffering Londoners. Without proportion, character, or decorative fitness, without even a rudimentary suggestion of thought or intention in design, these standards permanently disfigure one of the busiest and most important



districts of London, and bear lasting witness to the incapacity of the people who are intrusted with the management of our municipal affairs. In such matters of taste, London is put to shame by even minor towns on the Continent, and lags behind many of our provincial cities which have begun to realize the need of progress and the value of an intelligent grasp of æsthetic ideas."

London's "main source of artistic study and inspiration," as it has been termed, the South Kensington Museum, has of late years been going through a period of deep tribulation. The technical schools of this institution are the most important in the kingdom, and their instruction ranges through a great variety of subjects, from book illustration to church decoration, and from needlework to monumental sculpture. In spite of occasional lapses, as a falling off in 1897 in the important branches of architectural design and studies of the human figure, in the annual national art competition, and a certain failure to develop brilliant progress, which surprised the reviewers of the retrospective exhibit of the preceding year with the goodness of "the level of work in 1884," this institution, says Mr. Lewis F. Day, the decorator, an expert, "in so far, at least, as concerns the industrial part of it (the part of it which seems to justify the appeal to the pocket of the rate-payer), is well worth the attention of those interested in design and craftsmanship." But the general dissatisfaction with the management of the Museum, which had long been growing, culminated in the latter part of 1896 in such a series of protests and denunciations in the monthly reviews, weekly and daily journals, that that sovereign British remedy, a Parliamentary Inquiry, was promised, and actually set on foot. It was asserted, and not without proofs, that the institution "had fallen into the hands of the Military," that "lieutenants and captains were being drafted in to take charge of an art museum and, in a measure, of the art education of the country, and to rise, grade by grade, in the army list;" that the Art department was entirely in the hands of the Science Director, and suffered accordingly;

that no general entrance competitive examination was required of the Museum officials, and no particular expert knowledge was required of them,—quite the contrary, so that “these assistant-keepers and others may be shifted from department to department, from the Accountant’s Department to the Library, thence to the Secretarial offices, or, again, to the Circulation Department, at the sweet will of the Secretary!”; that the “Catalogue of the Engraved National Portraits” was “scandalously inaccurate,” and was offered to the public at a loss of sixteen shillings six pence a copy; and that a complete reorganization and reform were demanded of the Circulation Department, which was established for the purpose of circulating among the affiliated museums, exhibitions, and art classes of the country, collections of art objects intended not merely for the entertainment of the public but also to instruct the workers, designers, and artisans of the district centres to which they are sent, so as to contribute to the necessary raising of the standard of the industrial arts of England. As if all this were not enough, it was added that forged objects were frequently purchased at high prices by these non-experts, and exhibited to the public with deceiving labels, sometimes even after their fraudulent character had been demonstrated. To all these charges the Museum authorities offered only vague denials, and were even suspected of setting on foot an inquiry among their subordinates with a view of ascertaining “through what channels the carefully-kept secrets of the institution had leaked into the knowledge of a public writer.”

One of the first results of the appointment of the Parliamentary Inquiry was the reorganization of the staff of the Museum, so that each official should be assigned to a certain section and there retained, in order that he might become a specialist in his own department; and the chief of the Circulation Department—which had been severely censured by the Financial Secretary of the Treasury—was removed, and replaced by another official. In the course of the following summer, the Select Committee brought in so alarming an interim report that the reformers

themselves were thrown into a panic,—it was even proposed that the Treasury should shut up the Museum and distribute its treasures among the provinces. This permanent dispersal of the collection was rightfully regarded as a calamity to be avoided by any means. Various additional details of the administration of the institution were brought out during the inquiry,—as that many thousands of the books and photographs



LUCIEN DAVIS LADIES PLAYING HOCKEY

of the Art Library were uncatalogued and therefore inaccessible to the public, and consequently that many repetitive purchases were made; that the Director for Art, according to his own statement, did not care whether an object was genuine or not, so long as it was beautiful, “and that this Committee, he supposed, had knocked the bottom out of *expertise*,” etc., etc. The final report of the House of Commons Committee of Inquiry, in 1899, was so severe that the Lords of Committee of the Privy Council on Education issued an angry “Minute” in which they

endeavored to refute some of the many damaging statements of the report; and in the annual report, the forty-sixth, of the Science and Art Department, in the late summer of that year, additional efforts at defence and justification were made. But the result of the investigation is believed to be eminently satisfactory; an entire reorganization and a new era of public utility are considered to be assured, and by the inauguration of the new buildings of the Victoria and Albert Museum, of which the foundation-stone was laid by Her Majesty in this year, a new and most important addition to the store-house of these treasures of art and science was made. The annual exhibition of works sent up to the South Kensington examiners from the various art classes throughout the kingdom opens at the Royal College of Art at the end of July, and various schools and localities are considered to evince varying aptitudes for the different branches of decorative and applied art.

London itself is provided with a number of Metropolitan art schools in which serious and intelligent efforts are made to further the cause of technical education in the applied arts, even in districts like the "East-end," which are generally supposed to be interested only in those matters directly connected with the problem of maintaining life. The Mile End Road, for example, has its People's Palace, founded more than thirteen years ago on Sir Walter Besant's mythical "Palace of Delight." The influence exercised by it upon its locality is not equal to that described by the romancer, but it has been sufficient to demonstrate that a desire for knowledge exists among the surrounding community, and to meet this with a large measure of success. The aim of the art classes is rather to elevate the taste and improve the skill of the artisans than to turn out professional artists, as it is in those of the Polytechnic institutes established in nearly every district of the Metropolis, that of Battersea being one of the most notable. The development of technical education under the care of the School Board and the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, it is stated, has created a demand for

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opportunities for study which has threatened to exceed the supply. In the art school at Rugby, drawing, in its widest sense, is provided for the "voluntary" boys and "specialists," and is made compulsory for the lower and middle schools and for the army class. The art museum of this school, instituted over twenty years ago, is thought to be one of the most important auxiliaries of the art teaching. The art school of Harrow is only a departmental section of Harrow School, and the aim of the institution is considered to be less the practice than the appreciation of art,—the grave defect in the art life of England being, it is now asserted, not the lack of artists, but the lack of a discriminating public to appreciate those that exist. The opening of the School of Arts and Crafts at Camberwell, instituted as a memorial of the late Lord Leighton, in February, 1898, was regarded as marking an era in the advance of art education, inasmuch as it was the first institution of the kind in London to be placed under the control of the local governing body,—in this instance, the Vestry of Camberwell. The Calderon School, in Baker Street, is exclusively a school for animal painting, established some six years ago by Mr. Frank Calderon, and which numbers amongst its official visitors Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A. In all this organized effort, there are inevitably occasional failures and disappointments,—as the totally unsatisfactory attempts of the competing students of the Royal Academy Schools, class of historical painting, in 1898, to produce anything worthy of the gold medal proposed for the most successful rendering of *Cleopatra Clandestinely Introduced into the Presence of Cæsar*; and various vexatious measures taken by the authorities in the Royal College of Art, such as the suppression of Mr. Walter Crane's class in stained-glass work, which led to organized protests on the part of the students in the present year of grace. Of the vast amount of work turned out by these students, even the prize-work, there is not very much to be said,—in the departments of applied conventional and decorative design, there is frequently displayed very considerable ingenuity and occasionally a true sense of decoration,

but not much lightness or grace of invention, and in the figure-pieces very generally unsatisfactory drawing. The technical skill in the French schools of art is undoubtedly higher, though the invention may be equally poor. By some of the chroniclers of this movement, and of the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions, however, it is stoutly asserted that a great revival has had its birth in Great Britain, which, in spite of certain "youthful effervescence," is destined to bring the country to the front rank, if not to the foremost place, among all the nations of the earth in art, no Continental country having a genuine national style of its own. Distinctly national as is this British decorative art, it yet is strongly marked by Eastern influence, "the art of the Orient having reached our shores far in advance of other countries."

The opening of the Wallace Collection, in Hertford House, on the morning of June 25, 1900, was justly described as an event of such importance that only the establishment of the National Gallery and of the South Kensington Museum could be compared with it. In accepting this superb collection of paintings in various mediums, furniture, bronzes, porcelains, *objets d'art* and European arms and armor, the Government voted an amount of something like £90,000 for the lease and freehold of the house of the owner in which they were contained and for such alterations as might be necessary. These have been carried out in an admirable manner, the house being left as it was as far as possible, and the city and the nation are richer by a wonderful treasury covering nearly the whole field of modern art, the objects being with few exceptions the finest of their kind. The art of France is particularly well represented, owing to the predisposition of the fourth Marquess and of Sir Richard Wallace, the latter having long resided in Paris.

In addition to the very interesting, though necessarily incomplete, collection of paintings and sculpture exhibited in the Grand Palais of the Paris Exposition of 1900, the art of Great Britain is represented in the British Royal Pavilion on the other side of the Seine by a small and

most valuable gathering of British "old masters," Gainsborough, Reynolds, Bonington, Constable, Lawrence, Morland, Romney, Hogarth, and others, including four Turners. Of the latter, two are of peculiar interest, the large marine, in excellent condition, *The Nore*, and the figure-piece representing Bellini's pictures carried in procession to the church of the Redeemer, now in the possession of an American banker, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The same gentleman is the owner of the only Hogarth in the collection, a painting that is doubtless a revelation to many a visitor who knew this artist only as a satirical delineator of the follies of his time; and a picture concerning which various inquiries and comments have appeared in the London art journals within recent years. In this canvas, Hogarth appears as a painter of genre worthy to rank with the Lancrets and Paters of the other side of the Channel; the charm of color and tone, the robustness and skill of the brush-work, might well be commended to the consideration of most of the English painters of the present day. The picture was painted in 1758, six years before the artist's death, "before I bade a final adieu to the pencil," he wrote, and was entitled *The Lady's Last Stake, or Picquet, or Virtue in Danger*. Mr. Austin Dobson suggests that the subject was probably inspired "by an anecdote in a paper by Edward Moore (in *The World* for December 11, 1755), where the lady saves her jeopardized reputation only by a fortunate repique. Hogarth's first title is, however, identical with that of a comedy by Colley Cibber." Mr. Dobson doubts the story that the lady who sat for the principal figure was Miss Hester Lynch Salusbury, better known as Mrs. Piozzi, or Mrs. Thrale, as has been asserted; at Lord Macaulay's suggestion, the painting was engraved for the second volume of Mrs. Piozzi's "Autobiography." It was purchased from Hogarth by Lord Charlemont, for £100; and was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1888.

It would be quite possible, by comparing this picture and its contemporaries with one of the very latest manifestations of British art,



SIR PHILIP JAMES DE LOUTHERBOURG
SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

proudly displayed in the entrance-hall of this royal pavilion, to make out a strong case as to the real hopelessness of the search for an enlightened and critical art taste in these prosperous and cock-sure islands. That a distinguished artist should fall into decrepitude, and that his failings should be lauded in the same strain as his successes, this happens every day; but when, apparently, a unanimous and official opinion, public and private, receives with the same eulogies the bad as the good,

there is serious reason for doubt. The work of Mr. Burne-Jones, always unequal, became in his later years, at its worst, almost pure mannerism and conventionality, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything;" and among the most perverted of this work, deplorable alike in the misconception of the theme and of all decorative qualities and in the uncouthness of the execution, is his series of large designs representing scenes from the Arthurian legend of the Quest of the San Grael, and carefully executed in tapestry. Five of these, the property of George McCulloch, Esq., one of the most distinguished of English art collectors, are placed in the entrance-hall, as fitting hangings for the vestibule of this official pavilion in the gathering of the nations. It has been asserted, by some tolerant visitors, that these are not truly the very worst modern tapestries in the Exposition, and that the new, official ones of the Gobelins, by Rochegrosse, Laurens, Gustave Moreau, and others, are really as



bad,—but this is scarcely the truth. In certain affinities between the theme and the design, and in a certain respect for design and construction, at least, the French tapestries show better taste and much greater skill.

This regrettable lack of critical judgment seems to arise from two motives,—that British loyalty, through thick and thin, to well-established British institutions, such as the Royal Family and the great masters of British art, which may be so commendable, and a general indifference to good, sound technique in art. These two motives will lead the critics and the public to forgive the most extraordinary artistic sins. Sometimes the judgments are saner, as in the appreciation of the loan exhibition of Romney's works, opened in the Grafton Gallery in the summer of 1900,—it seemed to be generally recognized that the painter of Lady Hamilton was somewhat weak in his drawing and flat and thin in his color, but that he certainly had a gift of perpetuating on his canvas the slight and evanescent charm of feminine beauty. But for the much more portentous and pretentious art of Ford Madox Brown,—whose fame has also been experiencing a small revival, and whose cartoons, made for the firm of William Morris and Company between 1866 and 1873, are now recommended for the study and inspiration of art students,—there is no such temperate criticism. His manifold affectations and ignorances are accepted as “excess of individuality,” and his designs are praised for “the elevated sense of style with which they are saturated”! His *Christ Washing Peter's Feet* was purchased by subscription for the National Gallery. He “remains one of the geniuses of the day, great in achievement as in mind and soul,” notwithstanding his long feud with the Royal Academy, to which he never contributed after his youth. One authority, however, regrets that his “unlucky” *Haidee and Don Juan* has been placed in the Luxembourg, “unfortunately for Brown's fame in France.” He is given the honor of being the step-father, at least, of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, because of his influence over Dante Gabriel

Rossetti, who greatly admired him. Rossetti, too, is probably over-estimated in England as he would be nowhere else,—his originality, his poetic imagination, are accepted for rather more than they are worth, and his deplorable technical failings are condoned as they would not be wherever a healthy respect for the grammar of art prevailed. It is one of the many griefs of the lovers of the beautiful, here below, that Rossetti was not so good a painter as he was a poet; and one of their many puzzles that the artist who executed the charming little Virgin in the *Annunciation* in the National Gallery should have given her the robust British angel as a messenger. It is to the credit of the Royal Academy, that, remembering that it was an Academy, it refused to elect him as a member, and it was not till some seventeen years ago that it paid post-humous honors to his talent. In 1898, there was erected in Christ Church, Woburn Square, London, which Christina Rossetti, his sister, attended for nearly twenty years, as a memorial to her, a richly carved reredos, the five central panels of which are decorated with one of the last works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, "highly-wrought paintings which display the characteristic genius of the artist in originality of treatment, beauty of pose, richness in color, and exceptional sweetness of devotional expression."

Rossetti, it is said, divided mankind into classes, those who painted pictures and those who did not, and into the ranks of the painters he endeavored to press all those whom he thought worthy of consideration. William Morris, who fell under his influence, as he had done under that of Madox Brown, was accordingly impressed, but soon broke away,—early adopting as his cardinal principle the rule not to design anything that he did not know how to execute himself. To his belief that the enjoyment of beauty is the rightful heritage of all human beings, and that they are largely deprived of it by the exigencies of modern civilization, is ascribed his adoption of Socialism. Unlike Ruskin, who, though bitter against the modern system, took no active part in revolutions, Morris



H. W. B. DAVIS

SIESTA

PHOTOGRAVURE

Sheep on the hillside



Mr. Watts,—as P. R. A. he seems to have been eminently qualified. “The delicacies and difficulties of the office,” says Mr. Spielmann, “are to-day perhaps greater than ever—analogous in a sense to the ever-increasing exigencies attendant on the Speakership of the House of Commons. To maintain harmony within-doors is itself a formidable task which few—who know the composition and the temperament of the General Assembly of the Royal Academy when any matter of high politics is afoot—might deal with hope of uniform success. But when a President, himself entertaining enlightened views and keenly alive to the necessities of the hour, favoring extensive schemes of reform, finds himself called upon to guide the destinies of a house divided against itself, while the whole art world is clamoring for reform, and the public is taking up the cry and shrieking it from the house-tops—then all his resources of tact, courage, and skill are put severely to the test. In such circumstances, at one of the most anxious periods of the Academy’s history, did Lord Leighton prove his power and his *finesse*, not only with credit but with triumph—pressing his views gradually in spite of stout resistance, and obtaining, one by one, nearly all the reforms for which he contended. So remarkable was the impression made by Lord Leighton upon those who watched him closely, that, in the words of Mr. G. F. Watts,—one of the most dispassionate and discerning of all the Academicians,—‘he has made it impossible for another President to follow him with equal *éclat*.’”

His services to the Academy did not end with his life; his last wish, expressed on his death-bed, was that his sisters should give the sum of £10,000 to the institution, and this wish was duly carried out, the money being handed to the Academicians free of all conditions as to its use. After two years’ consideration, they adopted a resolution as to the employment of this sum which was considered to be the best calculated to commemorate the name and the work of their late President. “That the money received from Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Matthews, sisters of Lord

Leighton, P.R.A., in memory of their brother, be invested in consols or other securities allowed by law as a separate trust-fund, to be called 'The Leighton Bequest.' That the income derived from this fund be spent in acquiring or commissioning works of decorative painting, sculpture, and architecture. The paintings to be placed in public institutions; the sculpture, in or on public buildings and in the open air, such as in parks, squares, and streets; the architecture, alone or in combination with sculpture, to be in the form of fountains, seats in marble, bronze, or stone, lamp-posts, and similar objects for the adornment of public places. The income of the fund not necessarily to be spent annually, but, if thought desirable, reserved for a period not exceeding five years." In addition to this, his two sisters, his executrixes, assigned the lease of his



J.M.W. TURNER. THE END OF THE DAY.

house in Holland Park Road, which has sixty-five years to run, to three gentlemen who are members of the committee formed to preserve it for the use and education of the public, in memory of Lord Leighton, and this committee, tenants at will of the proprietors, secured a large collection of his drawings and sketches and a few finished paintings with the object of making this house and its treasures a centre of art in the parish of Kensington, where Lord Leighton lived for thirty years. The committee also arranged for concerts, lectures, and readings to take place in the studios, and it is proposed to add to the contents of the house an art library, for which many valuable volumes have already been secured.

Mr. Watts's statement was only too well founded, and the two Presidents of the Academy who have succeeded Lord Leighton have been felt to signalize a decline,—great as are in England their reputation and their popularity. Sir John Everett Millais held the office but a short time before his death; in many respects he was more typically the Englishman, as he was in personal appearance, than his predecessor. His curiously varied and unequal art was abundantly appreciated by his countrymen, who gave him credit for excelling in all branches, notwithstanding an occasional lapse;—his portrait of Gladstone, lately placed in the National Gallery, is declared by M. Benjamin-Constant, who is not a countryman, to have no cause to fear the juxtaposition of Rembrandt. The famous *Order of Release*, painted in 1853, in which the Highlander's wife is a portrait of Lady Millais, was purchased by Mr. Tate for five thousand guineas, and placed in the National Gallery of British Art. Nevertheless, in his earlier days, and particularly when he was in bondage with the Pre-Raphaelites, he experienced not only neglect, but ridicule and derision,—sometimes not altogether undeserved. The *Times*, apropos of *The Carpenter's Shop* of 1850, declared stoutly that "That morbid infatuation which sacrifices truth, beauty, and genuine feeling to mere eccentricity, deserves no quarter at the hands of the public." In 1859 appeared the *Vale of Rest*, and Millais abandoned the Brotherhood, or, as



he called it, "emerged from his artistic puberty"; in later life he did not hesitate to declare that his decade of Pre-Raphaelitism had rather hindered than helped his development and his art. But the parting with old friends was not without its pangs,—Ruskin, who, in 1856, had declared of the *Peace Concluded*: "Titian himself could hardly head him now," denounced the "frightfulness" of the nuns in the *Vale of Rest*. These curious vagaries of men of talent are always interesting; it does not seem possible that the artist who, even in his youth, had seriously painted the absurd *Lorenzo and Isabella* of 1849, one of the most pretentious and ignorant of even the Pre-Raphaelite productions, should have been able to render such themes of simple, of noble, and of truly spiritual significance as the *Blind Girl*, the *Vale of Rest*, the *North-West Passage*, and the *Speak! Speak!* of his maturity. In his designs for wood-engraving—in the revival of which art he was greatly interested—the same surprising range is evident, from the deadly commonplace to real dramatic power. The best commentary on his long and busy life is perhaps furnished by his own expression on his death-bed,—he rejoiced that he had had such "a good time."

The present President of the Royal Academy, Sir Edward J. Poynter, is one of the most industrious and conscientious of artists, looking with strong disfavor on the tendencies of a later school to avoid the severe training of strict draftsmanship, and preparing all his important works with innumerable careful studies, of the accessories, the drapery, and the anatomy. "'Men used to appreciate fine art,' wrote a celebrated artist to me the other day," quotes one of his latest biographers, "'in the days before Impressionism escaped from the lunatic asylum.'" The two painters who have most influenced Sir Edward are said to be Lord Leighton and Burne-Jones, though he also holds that Michael Angelo "is always on a level with, and at his best moments above, the greatest of the Greeks." His fame will probably rest chiefly upon his earlier pictures, the *Catapult*, of 1868, succeeding the great *Israel in Egypt* of the

preceding year, the *Atalanta's Race* (1876), the *Visit to Æsculapius* (1880), and perhaps the *Nausica and her Maidens*, of 1879. Of his later pictures, as the important *Dancer*, in illustration of a line of Horace, his principal exhibit at the Paris Exposition of 1900, hard, and unpleasant in color, the reviewers permit themselves to speak in such terms as these: "This work, which fairly shows the furthestmost limit to which earnest perseverance may attain," etc. His election to the Presidency of the Academy was justified on a variety of grounds, none of which included artistic eminence; his "neo-classicism" has even been objected to as tending to estrange the sympathies of the public; but in such works as *The Ides of March*, of 1883, and the *When the World was Young*, of 1892, he has exhibited a dignity and a science, or a grace, of conception and composition that needed only those painting qualities in which Academicians are usually deficient to make him, at least, a very worthy successor to Lord Leighton.

Of his principal competitors in the Academy election, two, Mr. Watts and Mr. Orchardson, practically withdrew,—the first for reasons of age, and the second through his dislike to business routine, and partly through motives of health. Mr. Briton Riviere received seventeen votes to Mr. Poynter's nineteen, but the result was cheerfully accepted by all. In the portraits of Mr. Watts, there seems to be less evidence of that insufficiency of thorough training so common among the English painters than in his numerous spiritual and imaginative canvases,—in many of the former, as in the delicate and refined silhouette of his wife in the New Gallery in 1897, or the presentation of Lord Roberts in the same gallery in 1899, or that of Burne-Jones of some years ago, may be found a curious charm in the apparent revealing of the sitter's inmost character. Notwithstanding his years, the well-springs of his fancy show no signs of drying up; his graceful and sincere mysticism, free from the affectations and self-consciousness of so much of the British imaginative art, still inspires his annual canvases,—in the Academy of 1898, a *Love Triumphant*, over the bodies of Death and Time, ready to take his flight



toward the empyrean; in that of 1900, *The Return of Godiva*, drooping fainting into the arms of her attendants now that her ordeal is over. Mr. Orchardson, whom we have seen selected to maintain the honor of the art of England against the American intruders in the Academy of 1900, preserves a more even range in his well-ordered genre subjects than in his portraits. Of the two important examples of the latter which represent him at the Paris Exposition of this year, one of Sir David Stewart, late Provost of Aberdeen, is the flat and red-velvet portrait of convention, whilst the other, of Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., rendered in Mr. Orchardson's familiar yellow tones, is a most striking and speaking presentation of the sitter.

Among the most eminent portrait-painters of Great Britain in the present day must be reckoned Sir George Reid, President of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Charles H. Shannon's methods are so brilliant and dexterous that his name is coupled with Sargent's by the critics; if in this elegance of presentation the soul of the sitter sometimes escapes his investigation, the fact is to be regretted. Professor Herkomer still maintains his high reputation. Mr. Alma-Tadema's portraits, some of them small, highly finished full-lengths, are still among the most satisfactory of his works. Among the British portrait-painters must be counted Mr. John Lavery, whose *Lady in Black*, very black, has been accused of being influenced by Whistler, and Mr. Richard Jack, whose large full-length portrait of a lady, at the Paris Exposition, carefully draped, is a very handsome arrangement in black and gray and white. The figure of Burne-Jones is preserved for us by his son's portrait, representing him standing at his easel and painting upon a characteristic bit of architectural detail.

Of the painters who render imaginative themes, without any too deep significance, and nearly always with, at least, good design and fair color, there are a number: J. W. Waterhouse, Herbert Draper, John Collier, Frank Dicksee, Arthur Hacker, J. C. Dollman, Solomon J. Solomon;—



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ALFRED DRUKY CIRCE
1870-1901

of those whose grace of composition and design is marred by a lack of painter's qualities, one of the most remarkable was the late Albert Moore, whose canvases, however, are described as admirable color schemes and harmonies by all his chroniclers, and even in a bulky volume issued after his death. Mr. Waterhouse's reputation has been long established and well founded, his themes are generally the familiar, vague ones, very frequently the old classic fables, always treated with a novelty and dignity of presentation, sometimes with a slightly too English atmosphere. Mr. Draper's talent is somewhat slighter and more graceful; one of his very best works is the *Calypso's Isle*, evidently before the departure of Ulysses, in which we may admire the pretty nude back of the nymph as she sits prinking on the rocky shore of her wine-dark sea. Mr. Dollman's best work is probably a very weird *Temptation of Saint Anthony*, in which the dismayed monk suddenly sees the

gray light of his cavern peopled with apes and hyenas, surrounding the nude figure of the temptress. Mr. Solomon made his début some years ago; as a painter, his skill has developed, and his latest important work,



of the statue of the goddess of Victory, which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, is a fine example of the art of the sculptor. The statue is made of marble and is very beautiful. It is a full-length statue, and the figure is standing on a pedestal. The figure is draped in long, flowing robes, and her right arm is raised. The statue is very well preserved, and it is a fine example of the art of the sculptor.

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a triumphant knight fording a stream, with a haloed angel on the croup of his horse, is rendered with an ability "worthy of a better cause." Arthur Hackner is one of the best colorists of the contemporary school. Frank Dicksee, R.A., has a wide range; in many of his canvases and his illustrations, he barely, or not at all, escapes the commonplace; occasionally, as in his upright, nude *Dawn*, veiled in rosy tissues on the brow of the hill, he strikes an unexpected note of grace and color. The Honorable John Collier is also a portraitist of repute and a genre painter, as well as occupying himself occasionally with classic or other myths.

Of the older men, Briton Riviere was long distinguished principally as an animal painter, but the human theme, which he gradually introduced, now frequently monopolizes his canvas. In one or two of his earlier pictures, the dramatic intensity of expression conveyed by his quadrupeds was so forceful as to amount almost to a work of genius, and with the most incongruous of quadrupeds, as in his *Circe and the Companions of Ulysses*, and *The Herd of Swine*, very black, "running violently down a steep place into the sea." One of his latest important works, and one that has been most favorably received, at home and abroad, is the scene of the Temptation in the wilderness, in which the bowed figure of the Saviour is represented seated alone in a wide expanse of billowy



F.W. POMEROY PERSEUS
Draped

mountain land. Mr. Frederick Goodall has for very many years been painting large and well-arranged pastoral scenes in Egyptian landscapes, as the *Sheep-shearing*, shown at the Paris Exposition; and the veteran J. Sidney Cooper appeared also at the Exposition with a smoothly painted *Midday Rest* of cattle, executed, in 1898, at the age of ninety-five. The death of Calderon, in 1898, removed one of the most prominent figures among the Academicians, one who had flirted with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of Millais and Holman Hunt, and lived to vex both the historians and the prudish with his *Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, now in the Chantrey Collection.

Of the small group of painters who in the contemporary British school hold the first rank in technical excellence, as painters and colorists, two, Messrs. La Thangue and Clausen, are Associate members of the Royal Academy,—though the former was one of the independent young artists who, some fifteen years ago, formed the New English Art Club in strong opposition to the Academy and all its teachings. Both of them occupy themselves with the simplest of rural subjects, single figures, ploughing, and harvesting,—Mr. La Thangue is very fond, among other things, of the water-fowl, rendered in varieties of light and shade and with multitudinous color modulations, as in his white ducks in his larger Exposition picture, and his flock of geese in *The Water Plash* of the Academy of 1900. Mr. Clausen has been called the English Millet, very foolishly; for his atmospheric studies of color and tones, of the beauty of aërial lighting, have none of that spiritual meaning which characterizes the French painter's canvases. Sometimes, with a more poetic touch, he paints interiors, as in *The Mother*, of the Academy of 1897. An equally admirable interpretation of the beauty of late sunset and early twilight characterizes the small canvases of Mr. Edward Stott,—a color quality that is very rare in the works of the landscape-painters proper, though Mr. Alfred East, in his frequently excellent compositions, generally renders very well the less mysterious light of day, and Mr. G. D. Leslie, the



fresh harmonies of the morning; Mr. Alfred Parsons, a still and pleasant atmosphere; and Mr. James Paterson, in his water-colors, cloudy skies, with all the skill of the Dutchmen. The handsome compositions of the veteran Mr. B. W. Leader are familiar through the many engravings and etchings in the print-shops,—in his favorite subject, the breaking-away of a rainy afternoon, the late light in the sky reflected in the pools in the foreground, he contrives to indicate very well the sentiment, the feeling, of the hour and the landscape.

Of J. M. Swan, A.R.A., animalist, painter and sculptor, the London critics complain that he keeps them still waiting for that masterpiece which they know he is going to paint some day; but, for the present, it may be doubted if he will soon surpass his impressive canvas of polar bears swimming.

Of the painters of mid-ocean, the most distinguished are Henry Moore, R.A., deceased, and W. L. Wyllie, Associate; of the sea as seen from the shore, or the shore from the sea, Colin Hunter has long been noted for a power of expressing the sombre and the mysterious aspects of the edges of the great deep; Mr. Tuke, elected an Associate in the spring of 1900, a good figure-painter, has at the same time the gift of rendering the still and hazy atmosphere of midday on the water. Among the more remarkable of these younger painters is William Rothenstein, whose dusky little picture illustrating a scene from Ibsen's *Doll's House* is one of the best pieces of technical execution in the British galleries at the Exposition. Almost equally able is the rendering of Mr. Robert Brough's slight theme of a lady contemplating her Chinese idol at arm's length; or, in a much more literal way, with excellent regard for values and tones, the two very different subjects of Messrs. Tayler and H. W. B. Davis,—the gentlemen's summer evening dinner-party and the noonday siesta of a flock of woolly sheep. Mr. F. Cayley-Robinson surprises his Pre-Raphaelite theme, *The Close of Day*, with very good, conventional, painting; and among the water-colors is Lucien Davis's *Ladies' Hockey Match*, drawn

with great spirit, and finished with a carefulness of detail that does not interfere in the least with the value of the ensemble. Ernest Normand, whose wife, formerly Miss Henrietta Rae, paints as well as he, sends to the Exposition a figure of a terrified Pandora that has been accused of having been inspired by the work of the American, Elihu Vedder. In all these pictures, varying through so wide a range of conception and carrying-out, there is evident a most sound and judicious knowledge of the painter's technique that would do honor to any national school.



THOMAS COOPER GUTHRIE. THE HERITAGE OF EVIL.



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